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Atlantic Insight

AUGUST 1988

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James Lorimer

Editor

Sharon Fraser

Art Director

Kevin O'Reilly

Associate Editor

Charmaine Gaudet

Copy Editor

Adrienne Malloy

Production Co-ordinator

Pamela Scott

Business Administrator

Mary Savoy

Circulation Supervisor

Heather Lively

Customer Service Representative

Yvonne Askew 421-1952

Promotions Co-ordinator

Deanna Almond

Regional Sales

Peter Gildart

John Channing

1668 Barrington St.

Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2

National Sales

Richardson Media

4800 Dundas St. W., Suite 104

Islington, Ontario M9A 1B1

Telephone: (416)232-1394

John McGown & Associates Inc.

Nik Reitz

785 Plymouth Ave., Suite 310

Montreal, Quebec H4P 1B3

Telephone: (514)735-5191

Eric McWilliam

Suite 1400

1500 West Georgia St.

Vancouver, B.C. V6G 2Z6

Telephone: (604)688-5914

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COVER STORY

Politics as a spectator sport: on the Island, observers like to speculate on what will happen in a McMillan-Ghiz showdown.

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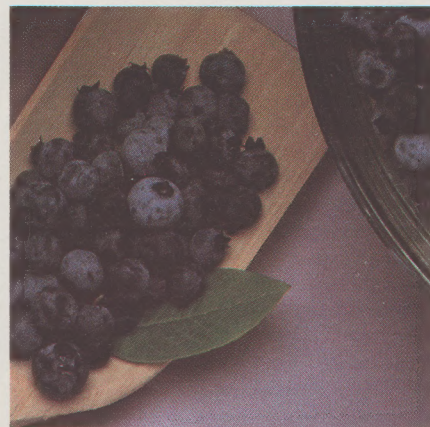
COVER PHOTO BY GORD JOHNSTON



FLASHBACK

The founder of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design had a lot of experience in education — starting with her position as governess in the court of the King of Siam.

PAGE 18



FOOD

One of the joys of summer is the picking — and the eating — of blueberries. Try them with lemon in a loaf, or pureed in a sophisticated mousse. **PAGE 28**



FASHION

Many people in Atlantic Canada spend a lot of time in uniforms, sportswear and looking for handsome, durable clothes for young children. This special section deals with all three — and more. **PAGE 31**

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Playing a positive role

A few months ago, just after the announcement of the impending closure of the IKEA furniture store in Dartmouth, *The Chronicle-Herald* ran a wonderful cartoon commenting on this event. It showed a young, modern urban couple surrounded by IKEA-style furnishings having an anxiety attack over the departure of the company which had supplied them with so many of the things which are key to their lifestyle.

IKEA has been a revealing success story in the Maritimes. As a business, it specializes in mass-producing and mass-marketing relatively low-cost but very well-designed Scandinavian furniture. While in a small market like the Maritimes IKEA's versions of these items are the only ones we encounter, in fact, behind IKEA is a whole industry of designers and manufacturers who have developed a style of furniture design and production unique to themselves. Working with wood because wood is a plentiful local product, using more modern materials like plastics and metals, this industry supplies the needs of Scandinavia and represents a sizeable export market. IKEA is the most successful popularizer and marketer of this style of furniture in Canada.

From all appearances, IKEA's Dartmouth store was a big success right from the beginning. It attracted customers not only from Halifax-Dartmouth but from all parts of the Atlantic region. They found furniture in styles unavailable elsewhere, reasonably well-made and very reasonably-priced. In recent years, in part perhaps because of a very successful advertising campaign which encouraged new customers to visit the store and in part because its prices were relatively low, IKEA seemed to broaden the base of customers it attracted.

So it was quite a surprise when IKEA announced that it was shutting down the Dartmouth store and leaving the Atlantic region. The reason: Atlantic Canada is too small a market to support an IKEA store now that the company has opted for stores of 100,000 square feet rather than the current 35,000 square feet. At the end of the month, Dartmouth shuts down.

The Halifax paper's cartoon suggested that the closure would give some people in the region an anxiety attack. Where can they go now for economical, high design quality furniture?

But there's a sense in which the shut-down is a challenge and an opportunity as well. Here we are in a region where the forestry is a major natural resource.

Along with low-quality woods used for pulp and paper, we grow a range of high-quality hardwoods. There is a tradition of working with wood in the region, from lumber mills to furniture factories. And scattered throughout the region are individual craftspeople who work with wood and who have well-developed design abilities.

At the same time IKEA's successful marketing in the region has created a demand for well-designed contemporary furniture using the kinds of wood and other materials that are common to the Maritimes and Scandinavia both.

While one major foreign-owned corporation is abandoning the regional market as too small to be profitable, another has launched a project which deserves high praise from everyone interested in recognizing and developing the heritage and culture of the region.

The company in question is Ultramar, the oil company which has had a presence in Atlantic Canada for some time and which recently added the Gulf chain of service stations to their operation. As a summer/fall promotion, just at the best time of the year for the fine fresh produce from land and sea which is one of the great secrets of this part of the country, Ultramar has produced a set of 12 colour booklets featuring heritage recipes from the four Atlantic provinces.

The project was conceived and the booklets were written and produced by Target Marketing in St. John's, the photography was done by P.E.I. resident Wayne Barrett, and food preparation was done by the chefs at the Culinary Institute in Charlottetown where we have our annual recipe contest cook-off and awards dinner.

Traditions in food and cooking are one of the key expressions of the culture of any people or region. But the Atlantic region's culinary heritage is still largely an informal one, passed on from one person to another, and not collected and formalized, developed and made accessible to everyone interested. In our recipe contests we have discovered how rich this aspect of the region's heritage is.

One of the benefits of the Ultramar promotion is that it comes at the peak of the tourism season. I expect that these recipe booklets will be as successful with visitors as with residents, and that there will be tens of thousands of Canadians and Americans who will return home with Atlantic heritage recipes they'll be trying out.

— James Lorimer

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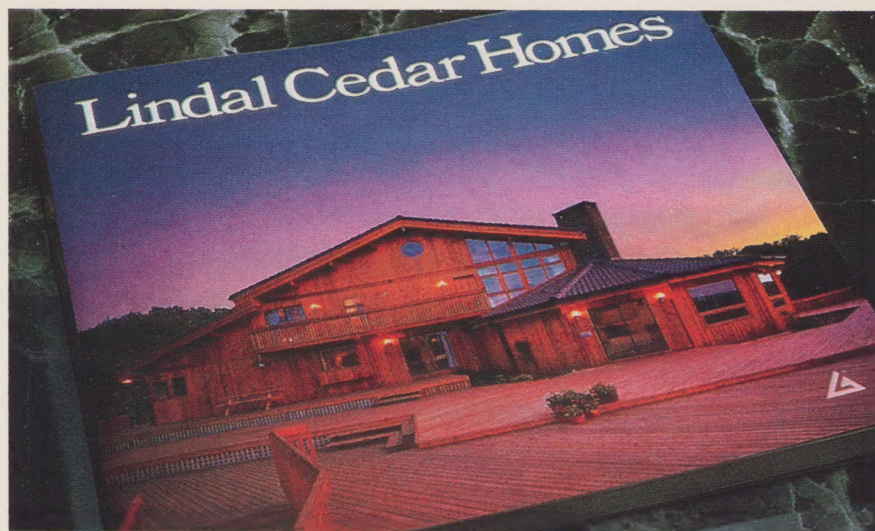


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FEEDBACK

A responsible look at prostitution

Thank you for an informative and sobering report on prostitution in *Defending the right to do the work they do* (June'88). Too often the media acts irresponsibly when dealing with social/sexual issues with sensational reporting...

Society profits from women's sexuality all right and prostitution is only one facet. It is the bread and butter of much of the TV and movie entertainment industry and it is being presented to an increasingly younger audience, a relatively unexploited market...

Certainly society gets shirty when a woman makes the choice to make money from the sale of her sexuality. The elements of society who keep all or most of the profits simply don't want to lose revenue. It's that simple, isn't it? Why should the police control prostitution? To take the profits from the pimps? To assure consumers of a better product? The fact of the matter is that if women had other choices they would not choose prostitution.

Too many people in our society are satisfied with the so-called "moral" approach of placing the blame and punishment on the prostitute as a solution instead of holding responsible our society and those men who, without hesitation, regard women as a sexual commodity.

Carol Fennell
Sturgeon, P.E.I.

Fredericton not an artistic wasteland

The article on the Bobaks, *Just to live here and be friends* (March'88), conveys a false sense of the artistic history of Fredericton and the University of New Brunswick. Although I am sure the Bobaks have made an important contribution to the arts in Fredericton, such comments as, "I couldn't even find an art store to buy materials," suggest that Fredericton was an artistic wasteland until the coming of the Bobaks. This was not the case.

Bruno Bobak is one in a series of artists at U.N.B. and he was able to stay on because he got "the full-time position to head the U.N.B. Art Centre." This position and indeed the U.N.B. Art Centre existed a long time before the arrival of the Bobaks.

The Art Centre was co-founded in 1940 by Lucy Jarvis and Pegi Nicol MacLeod. MacLeod ran the centre for the summer sessions until her death in 1949, then the summers were run by a succession of well-known artists including Fritz Brandtner and Alfred Pinsky. Lucy Jarvis handled the winter sessions and held the full-time position of director of the Art Centre from 1946 to 1969. Under Jarvis the Art Centre thrived and was a lively and stimulating place for faculty and students alike. When the Bobaks arrived in Fredericton there was a rich

artistic presence firmly in place...

*Frances and Michael Morris
Yarmouth, N.S.*

Lighthouse not Yarmouth's

As one who has spent many months in Yarmouth yearly, please be advised the picture shown in *Automation making province's lighthouse keepers obsolete* (June'88) is not the Yarmouth Light, either past or present.

The old light was dismantled a few years ago as it was becoming pretty "shaky," to be replaced by a new design cement column.

*G. Randall Smith
Lunenburg, N.S.*

Defending a nice bunch of guys

The truism to be drawn from Ralph's column, *A nice bunch of guys but...* (June'88) is that no matter which mainline political party was in power they would receive the same treatment from his usually talented pen.

To see Surette resorting to the use of innuendo, rumour, rehash and whatever, to create his copy says much more about him as an opinion writer than it does about a political party after a decade in power, which still holds over 80 per cent of the seats in the legislature.

*Charles Fraser
Waterville, N.S.*

Main milk problems ignored

As former consumer representative on the Newfoundland Milk Marketing Board (NMMB) I would like to comment on your report on the Newfoundland milk situation, in *Milk: situation out of control* (May'88).

The monitoring of the Board's activities by no means has been reduced. Unfortunately, the focus is on so many minor issues, which are symptoms of the main problem, while the main problem is ignored. The Newfoundland Milk Marketing Board has been established by the Newfoundland Government with legislation that allows it to be a self-regulated monopoly, accountable to no one, a situation which would be unacceptable anywhere else.

To touch on some points in your article:

1. You mention the current investigation into price increases by Newfoundland processors. You have accepted as fact that the farmgate increase of \$3.25 which prompted the processors' increase was justified. If you had investigated further you would have found that the so-called independent review on which the farmgate increase was based is extremely questionable to say the least. The cost of the production study contracted by the federal department of agriculture was refused by the NMMB and another report was ordered by the Board with it defining the parameters, and which produced a price much inflated over the original report.

2. An important point is that there is no consumer representative now on the Board, contrary to what you report. When I resigned I was replaced by a person from a farming area where the farmers had been demanding representation on the Board...

3. It is not necessary to be an expert on milk farming to see the problem which is at the heart of all the controversy. That is, of course, the fact that the NMMB, a body which is composed mainly of members with vested interest in the industry, which has been granted monopoly status by Government, is accountable to no one...

As a provincial election comes closer to being a reality, pressure will be put on the Minister of Agriculture to set in place some restrictions on the board so that it will be accountable for its actions, and no longer an embarrassment to the Government, many of whose members do not agree with the present situation.

*Geraldine Dickinson
Holyrood, Nfld.*

An Iowa miner remembered

I am writing regarding Harry Bruce's column in *History worth remembering* (June'88). I was thoroughly interested in his topic. My grandfather was a coal miner who had immigrated from Croatia and worked in the mines in Melchor, Iowa, until he died of black lung disease in or about 1947. I never met the man and oddly the only references to his line of work that I ever remember were that his boys didn't want to work the mines, and never did, and that grandfather was never too happy about that...

I certainly agree with Mr. Bruce that "when it comes to gathering oral history, we are always in the 11th hour." There are so many traditions, songs, stories and just simple ways of doing things that we will never know about because they haven't been written down. Many of these things are quite exclusive to our various small communities and we're missing out on the tremendous history of our province, in relation to all aspects of living.

I am surprised Rita MacNeil has never sung the song *Coal Tattoo*. I always think of my grandfather when hearing that song — apparently a hard working, hard living man, strict and unhappy — or so the rumours went.

*Terry Durnavich
Petite Riviere, N.S.*

Editor's Note

In our *Folks* section June'88 we printed a story on the invention of a mechanized blueberry raker on Prince Edward Island as being the first of its kind. We regret the impression left and it has been correctly pointed out to us that it is merely an addition to the many models that have been on the market for more than 10 years.

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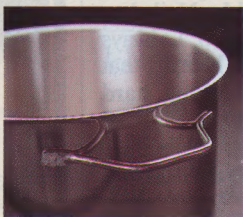
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Reviving a dying maritime art on the Fundy coastline

A once-thriving New Brunswick industry makes a comeback through a boat-building course at a community college

by Beth Powning

There's a vital fishing industry along New Brunswick's Fundy coast but in 1980, \$10-million worth of fishing boats had to be imported from Nova Scotia. Boat building, both as an art and as an industry, had died out almost completely in this foggy coastal region. Clearly, there was a need for boats as well as for employment. So, in 1981, the New Brunswick Community College at St. Andrews started a course that is the only one of its kind in Canada. It's called, simply, "Boat-building."

The two-year, full-time course enrolls 12 students in the first year. With a bit of attrition, there are approximately 20 students at the college at any one time, taught by two instructors, Jim Day and John Anderson. The course costs \$500 a year, with enrollment being offered first to New Brunswickers and, after March 31, to outsiders. The course teaches basic boat-building skills; when students are finished, they're capable of building any kind of boat — aluminum, fibreglass or wooden. "We build classical boats to a high degree of finish," says Gerald Ingersoll, who heads the department. "The students come out with a tremendous range of skills."

The students are taught to take a boat from "paper to paint," from theory through to an actual sea-worthy boat. This year, first year students built a carvel-planked, round-bottomed, 13-foot dinghy called "The Fundy Thirteen." An indigenous type of dinghy, the boat was designed by Ingersoll. Earlier, the students built a "Whitehall" dinghy, which was sleeker and faster but not as practical.

"The Fundy Thirteen is a good working craft," says Anderson, "more practical to use around the weirs."

The finished dinghies are built to be used. They're either kept by the students (if they have provided their own materials) or put out to tender and sold locally. Theoretically, the boats could be destroyed at the end of the year since, as Anderson says, "We're in the business of building boat builders, not boats," and the school is careful not to compete with the local boat-building industry. "But the students get to love their boat," says Anderson. At the end of the year, the school "takes out the fleet" — the six

brightly painted new dinghies built by the 12 students are duly christened and townspeople turn out to watch the boats set out into the bay on their sea trials.

Second year students build complete, large boats. These boats are sponsored by a client and most of the boats built by the school end up in use in the region. This year, the students completed a 32-foot Maine-coast fishing boat and started a 25-foot power launch with a wooden hull. "We're not wood purists," says Anderson. "We're not into the art as much as we're into the industry. We advocate industrial boat building." Fibreglass boat building is also taught; sometimes a wooden hull is brought in to be fibreglassed. Students work on engines, shafts and



Learning skills that were once more common

propellers and learn marine wiring. A certain amount of repair work is done at the school as well, exposing the students to a wide range of different boats and situations.

The pre-designed boats, in both first and second years, begin on a drafting table. The students learn marine drafting and are taught to draw three different views of the boat, giving length, breadth and height. Eventually, the boats are "lofted." An actual full-scale boat is drawn on the floor of the boat-building shed, and a mold is built to define the shape of the boat. "Then we get on to the actual boat carpentry," says Anderson.

Although there are courses taught in Maine that specialize in yachts and pleasure boats, the St. Andrews instructors want their students to be more

versatile. Skills taught are applicable for any small craft construction. "The students can come out of the course and build anything."

The staff at St. Andrews school are enthusiastic about the course, because of their passion for boat building as an art. The school's goals are both general and specific: to revive boat building as a skill, no matter where the students end up and to restore boat building as an industry in this particular corner of New Brunswick.

Both of these goals are being met. Since the school started, several new boat yards have opened in the area. Although the yards weren't actually started by graduates of the school, they came about because their owners knew that they had a source of highly-skilled labour in the area. Two years ago, the first commercial fishing boat to be built in the area in 40 years rolled off the skids in Grand Manan. These yards, Ingersoll says, are thriving and are employing 20 people, proving that boat building is a viable economic resource for the area.

The number of skilled boat builders is on the rise as the school's students disperse across the continent looking for work. Three-quarters of the graduates end up in the trade, some working in Nova Scotia, others going to Ontario or the United States. The network of people who have found jobs helps new graduates gain employment.

The average age of students varies widely from year to year. This year, students ranged in age from 19 to 45. Geographical origins vary as well with a good number of students from out-of-province, due in large part to an ad placed in *Wooden Boat*, an American magazine with a wide circulation. In 1987-88, for example, students came from Florida, California, Oregon, British Columbia, Quebec, Ontario and the Yukon, as well as from the Maritimes. It's taken some time for the school to become known locally. This seems to be changing, however, and a larger percentage of the class entering in the fall will be from New Brunswick. This pleases Ingersoll, who thinks of the school as a "regional kind of resource."

One of Ingersoll's dreams is that "after we get our own industry going here," to attract people from the Caribbean, where fishing is an important industry but boat-building skills have been lost.

The St. Andrews boat-building school forms a link between past and present, with its goal of revitalizing the current economy by preserving a once-indigenous industry. Eight years after its inception, the school's blend of quiet idealism and gritty practicality has proven to be a dynamic combination, a combination that has already wrought modest changes in the local community, as well as sending skilled boat builders into the world. ☒

Trouble with a capital T on rural Mainstreet project

A government funded development project has gone sour and in the process has divided the small community of Bear River

by Tim Carlson

Two old-timers watch as the Trading Post building in Bear River, N.S. is being renovated as part of the town's Mainstreet project. One man says to the other: "You know, I've seen a lot of changes in town in the last twenty years... Yep, and I've been against every one of them."

For Nancy Onysko, one of the driving forces behind the project, who chanced to walk by as this observation was made, these two sentences summed up what she believes has prevented the project from reaching its full potential. Almost as soon as the federal and provincial funding was announced, tension began to grow between some of the long-time residents and those who initiated the project.



TIM CARLSON

The Trading Post ran into trouble

The power struggles incubated in 1984 quickly evolved to divide the community. Nearly four years and \$400,000 later, almost half the original project is incomplete. The in-fighting has continued long after the money was spent.

The latest development has little to do with renovations of buildings or attempts to revitalize the business district. Instead, it is a court action against Onysko launched by Frank Marshall, the former chairperson of the Bear River Economic Development Society (BREDS).

Considering the tangled web of intrigue between BREDS and the Downtown Development Corporation (DDC), of which Onysko is a director, it's not surprising the dispute is now before a County Court judge.

"The entire project should have taken eight months to a year," says retired

resident, Alister Milner, a founding member of both the DDC and BREDS. He says all would have been well if the original mandate of each organization had been followed.

Using the Mainstreet programs of nearby Annapolis Royal and other Nova Scotia communities as models, the DDC was to acquire the funding, buy the buildings and renovate them. When the project was complete, the properties were to be turned over to BREDS for management.

Ironically, the people who Onysko says were opposed to the plan to begin with, gained control of BREDS. They felt BREDS should be responsible for the project from the beginning. Tory MLA Greg Kerr agreed, and the DDC was informed funding would be withheld until the properties were turned over. Onysko says Kerr gave no justification for his decision, and an agreement that would have given the DDC better representation with the BREDS board was not honoured.

"They took the deeds and ran," says Onysko. (In attempting to get the government's reasoning for this decision *Atlantic Insight* was asked to submit the questions in writing to David Nantes, minister of small business development. John Chaisson, director of the branch responsible for the Mainstreet program, said he could not comment because "there may be a lawsuit pending" between DDC and BREDS).

BREDS renovated the Trading Post, one of the three buildings in the project, in 1985. A well was also dug to supply the building with water. The County of Annapolis kicked in \$25,000 for the Trading Post's sewage system but, Onysko says, it is still "not functional."

The climax of the conflicts between the two sides is now the court case regarding the 1988 annual BREDS meeting when Onysko was elected the new chairperson.

Frank Marshall (who has declined comment on all matters with respect to this dispute until a decision has been rendered by the judge) states in his affidavit that because of the "apparent irregularities" in signing up new members and "general disorder and confusion...I cancelled the meeting." He also states that a "significant number of people

were not from Bear River."

Onysko says the out-of-town people who wanted to become members and the obvious majority of DDC supporters were the real reason Marshall "adjourned" the meeting — without a motion or vote. After Marshall and approximately half of the other members left, the meeting continued on the grounds that the adjournment was not valid.

Michael Keefer, an Annapolis Royal resident, says he attended the meeting to "satisfy my curiosity" after hearing "suggestions that BREDS had been spending considerable sums of money to very little effect." When he received a letter that Marshall sent to all the BREDS members, which he felt "reinterpreted" what happened at the meeting, Keefer was compelled to send a response to Greg Kerr, MP Gerald Comeau and municipal and county officials.

The responses he received back ranged from "humane and public-spirited" to an anonymous, obscene, handwritten note. Somewhere between these two extremes was a letter from Annapolis County Warden Robert Sanford, which read: "You would be well-advised to attend to your own endeavours and let the residents of Bear River determine the resolution of their own destiny."

From the beginning, however, the destiny of Bear River's Mainstreet program was being determined largely outside of the community. Greg Kerr appointed an associate from Annapolis Royal, Paul Buxton (Buxton is now the executive director of the Annapolis Valley Theme Park project) to oversee the project, and various local officials, including Sanford, sat on the board of directors.

Another among many points of contention is Frank Marshall's claim, and Onysko's denial, that DDC has filed a \$262,000 action against BREDS in the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia.

"The action was dropped almost as soon as it was filed in 1985, and Marshall knows that," Onysko says. "It was dropped because we wanted no personal gain nor the perception of personal gain." Onysko says that her outrage at the corruption she has seen while involved with the project has spurred her into politics. She is now the provincial NDP candidate for Annapolis West. "I had never considered becoming a political candidate until this whole thing in Bear River happened, but I feel it's important to make a political stand," she says.

With the funding gone and the wounds of a divided community left to heal, it will take more than a judge's ruling to get Bear River's revitalization project back on course. Onysko, however, is confident the ruling will be in her favour, and she will then remain the BREDS chairperson. She says there are still ways to recover and see the project through to completion. ☒

Evaluating the cultural economy of Newfoundland

A new study may give the arts community the evidence it needs to end the nickel and dime syndrome that plagues it

When Premier Brian Peckford's government was swept into power in 1979, a key motif of the new leader's style was a proud concern for Newfoundland's heritage. The government's identification with culture encouraged members of the province's burgeoning arts community. Their hopes were further enhanced the following year when government established the Newfoundland and Labrador Arts Council to represent artists and to administer funding through competitions.

Many artists feel, however, that since the creation of the council, the Conservative government has failed to put its money where its mouth is. Tempers over the issues of funding and financial control flared more than three years ago, when directors of the council resigned in protest.

Since then, the Arts Council's representatives and other artists have indicated a more conciliatory approach but are still concerned about perceived funding shortages. As well, several communities and organizations have shown a heightened interest in the plight of the arts in a province renowned for its rich cultural diversity. The City of St. John's, for example, recently struck an arts advisory committee to provide counsel on issues affecting the large arts community in the city.

In June, a private member's resolution introduced in the House of Assembly by New Democrat member Gene Long called for a thorough government review of the state of the arts in the province. The resolution, with technical amendments from John Butt, minister of culture, recreation and youth, passed unanimously.

For the first time, the government study will produce "a comprehensive survey of the cultural economy of the province" and will consider the arts in economic and market-oriented terms. The study will also endeavour to produce a report on the economic status of Newfoundland's working artists. It is expected to be completed by December, so that any financial considerations may be implemented in time for the next government budget.

Long believes government and opposition members supported the resolu-

tion because the arts community's contributions to society have finally been recognized as both legitimate and considerable. He also believes the issue is still quite important to some politicians, including the premier.



Gene Long: more than moral support needed

"The premier is obviously very sensitive to the issue...he doesn't want to be seen as lacking a commitment in this area," says Long.

Long considers himself sensitive to arts issues. Several years ago, he worked through the Arts Council to help start an arts magazine. As well, his riding of St. John's East boasts a heavy concentra-

tion of arts centres, including the LSPU Hall Theatre (Longshoreman's Protective Union), a growing number of art galleries and studios, several publishers and the offices of the Arts Council itself. Moreover, many professional artists live in his riding.

"These people are my constituents," he says. "The arts isn't the biggest issue in my riding, but what affects the arts community affects the riding as a whole."

General studies in the past have indicated that cultural industries in the province are worth tens of millions of dollars in revenue and stimulate several thousand full-time and part-time jobs. The new study is intended to furnish a more exact analysis, although many artists expect the findings to tell them what they already know: not enough money is circulating in the arts community.

Mary Walsh, a member of the famed Codco comedy troupe, says Newfoundland artists have ironically picked up numerous skills because of funding shortages. She says in the Newfoundland theatre, known for risk-taking productions, "everyone has learned to write, direct, produce, do the lights...whatever. For Codco at least, we learned not to depend on government support."

Her experience as an animateur of the Resource Centre for the Arts, which manages the LSPU Hall, was less thrilling. "That was much more frustrating," says Walsh, who sympathizes with the funding dilemmas of the Arts Council. "The government set it up but has underfunded it ever since so that the council has been left to nickel and dime it."

Artists and organizations who apply to the Arts Council for support frequently receive far less than they need. Because of the imbalance, many artists take up other types of work to support themselves, says Lillian Bouzane, president of the Writer's Alliance of Newfoundland and Labrador.

"For most writers, writing is an avocation, not a vocation," says Bouzane. "Our big concern is that our members have time to write. To have the time to write, they need the money to do it. Historically, Newfoundland writers have been part-time writers who have second jobs somewhere else."

Implied with the government study is a renewed support from government for the arts. Long is hopeful that the study's results will lead to encouraging results. Worried about the out migration of Newfoundland's artists, Long says a positive change in provincial arts policy may curtail that trend.

"We have to nurture and cultivate our cultural resources before more of our best creative spirits leave the province," says Long. "What will we be left with if the people with vision do not have a reason to be here?"

Many hands, expertise and supplies make light work

A small group of Island farmers have been improving the lot of their fellow farmers in Kenya and Tanzania for several years

by Anne Kaptein

On a cold, gusty day in January, 1981, a group of farmers from Prince Edward Island said goodbye to their families and friends at Charlottetown Airport and embarked on a trip that would take them half way around the world — to East Africa.

This was no ordinary trip. The farmers had responded to an invitation from African farmers to visit farms in Kenya and Tanzania and to stay as guests with native families. They would spend time observing the day-to-day struggles of their fellow farmers who had to scratch a living from poor, arid soil with no funds to improve their lot.

The Africa-bound Island farmers were members of Farmers Helping Farmers, a group dedicated to helping underdeveloped countries become self-reliant in food production as well as in health care and educational projects.

Today, seven years later, the 20 members of Farmers Helping Farmers look back on the African trip as a great experience. They are also proud of a successful aid program for those African nations. Over the years, the farmers have helped improve the life of 200 farming communities in Kenya and have helped with a large project in Tanzania. As a result, a spirit of friendship has developed between the Island farmers and those of the African nations. Since 1981, the African farmers have visited P.E.I. and stayed with local farm families.

The idea for Farmers Helping Farmers first sparked in 1979, during the International Family Farm Consultation at the University of Prince Edward Island. Following a discussion about farming problems with third world delegates, a small group of Island farmers decided to help some needy, struggling farmers with modest funds and, if needed, practical advice. But to put their plans into practice was difficult, since all the farmers had at their disposal was their own courage and a few dollars.

Nevertheless, the project has been a success. The Island farmers, with the assistance of the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA), have so far contributed \$250,000 to the African aid program. It may not be an impressive sum compared to big national overseas programs but, as Teresa Mellish, the organization's co-ordinator says, "a small

amount of money, well placed, goes a long way in Africa." The money collected has come mostly from members' fund-raising ventures, including annual summer barbecues and fall firewood sales. The organization also depends heavily on private donations. And for every dollar the members raise, CIDA contributes

carts and farm tools.

Barry Cudmore, who visited the east African farms, says the big farms have all the modern equipment and the necessary know how to produce maximum crops. But it is the small, primitive farms, struggling to produce enough food from poor soil, that need the most help. They often lack basics like quality seeds, fertilizers, proper equipment and the means to irrigate their land. Manpower is also a problem. The burden of heavy work falls mainly on the women, since the men have taken jobs in the cities.

Why Kenya and Tanzania? Mellish says, "We wanted to help some far-away nation. Besides, we knew some farmers there already. That made it all more personal."



PHOTO COURTESY OF FARMERS HELPING FARMERS

Farmers from East Africa and Canada exchange ideas about different agricultural methods

three. The Island farmers decide how the money is to be spent and Mellish, who is also a dairy farmer and a civil servant, looks after the details.

Several hundred projects were planned at the beginning of the aid program and the majority of them have been carried out. "Basically, we are helping those farmers to help themselves," says Roy Dickieson, president of Farmers Helping Farmers. "We give them the means to grow more and better food." The money sent to Kenya and Tanzania covers the purchase of seeds to plant rice paddies, fruit tree seedlings and goats, sheep and rabbits. It also pays for drilling wells and irrigating the land as well as training farm help in the use of ox plows and other farm equipment.

In Tanzania, Farmers Helping Farmers members have helped with a large project — a rural workshop for building new and repairing old wheelbarrows, ox

Farmers Helping Farmers is hardly known outside P.E.I., except in CIDA circles and, of course, in Kenya and Tanzania. But Mellish says, "We hope that people outside our province will soon get acquainted with our work." One step in that direction was the recent showing of a documentary film about Farmers Helping Farmers. Shot on location in P.E.I., Kenya and Tanzania, this 30-minute film tells the story of the Island farmers, their efforts to help fellow farmers in Africa and life on African farms.

The film was directed, researched and edited by Island film producer Brian Pollard for the National Film Board of Canada. It was shown to a capacity audience at Charlottetown's Holland College. Pollard hopes more Canadians will see the film and follow the example set by the small group of Islanders who have shown us "what ordinary citizens with limited funds can achieve."

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A classic confrontati

It's still future speculation but the thought of the two Islanders squaring off against each other already excites comment

by Jim Brown

It's the hottest night of the year and Joe Ghiz is cookin'. The day after going 12 rounds with Brian Peckford over the Free Trade Agreement, and delivering a shot of unexpected excitement to the choreographed, predictable summit meeting between Eastern Canadian premiers and New England governors, the Premier of Prince Edward Island is speaking at a Liberal nominating convention in the small, rural riding of Fifth Kings. And if the delegates packed into the sweltering, small town gymnasium expected anything less than the fiery fighter from last night's national news, they were wrong.

Joe Ghiz is a powerful speaker. Most politicians try to build their speeches to end in a high-pitched, closing crescendo. That's how Ghiz's speeches begin. He builds from there. On this night Ghiz's voice is a weapon, one moment a flashing blade carving slices out of the thick, humid air, the next a machine gun, pounding home point after point after point. After rousing the overheated crowd to several bursts of enthusiastic applause, he finishes to a sweaty standing ovation.

Five days earlier, in a larger, considerably cooler hall in Charlottetown, Island Conservatives held a convention of their own, to select the man who would lead them against Ghiz in the next election. During a break in the action, with delegates either lining up to cast their ballots or congregating outside around the trunks of their cars, three grey heads could be seen in the middle of a large section of empty seats. They were deep in conversation. Two of the heads belonged to elderly women, delegates who may have decided to wait until the line-ups got a little shorter before getting up to vote. The third, unmistakable across the large convention floor, was the most famous grey head on P.E.I., that of Tom McMillan, MP for Hillsborough and federal minister of the environment.

Seemingly oblivious to the balloons and posters, unaware of the music and the shouting of delegates involved in a little last-minute campaigning, the three Tories continued their quiet discussion, an oasis of calm amid the boisterous, backslapping conventioners.

It's easy to talk about the differences between Tom McMillan and Joe Ghiz: McMillan, the polished uppercrust son of uppercrust parents with a cool, impeccable style to go along with his impeccable Tory credentials; and Ghiz, the crusading son of an immigrant grocer, the firebrand with a razor sharp mind and an even sharper tongue. But it's not the differences as much as the similarities between the two men that are so intriguing.

Both men are the same age. Both have risen quickly through the ranks to become the most powerful Islanders in their respective parties. Both have taken their political posts and lifted them to a previously unheard of degree of national prominence. And most importantly, since this may be the first time this has been said seriously about any Islander, both are seen as having a legitimate shot at the office of Prime Minister of Canada.

Len Russo of CHTN radio news in Charlottetown has spent a dozen years covering Island politics and politicians. He says that, without a doubt, when compared to the rest, Ghiz and McMillan are in a class by themselves. "They are head and shoulders above every other politician. There's Ghiz and McMillan in one category and then there's all the rest." What



on: Ghiz vs. McMillan



separates them from the pack? According to Russo, "intellect and polish."

Both men have created their own distinct public personas. As Russo says, "McMillan has that air of refinement, while Joe is known as the bright young sparkplug." But, he adds, these quick sketches may be more perception than reality. And that perception probably springs from their different beginnings.

If anyone can be said to have been shaped by his upbringing it is 42-year-old Tom McMillan, who himself admits to a "preoccupation" with history and heritage. "I, more than most politicians, am motivated by a sense of tradition and heritage. The sense that society is organic, that one generation moves seamlessly into the next. You know where you are going only when you know where you have been. I tend to be a conservative in that sense," says the self-proclaimed red Tory. McMillan's home reflects that sense of past. An historic country inn built in 1840, McMillan and his wife Katherine saved the building from the wrecker's ball, restored it to its original condition and tastefully appointed the rooms with Island antiques and collectables. In one corner of the large living room, staring past the books on politics and history and the collection of old family portraits, sits a larger-than-life bronze bust of Sir John A. Macdonald.

McMillan's family first settled on P.E.I. around 1770. He says that, down through the generations, there has been a family tradition of "going away" to university and then returning home to make a contribution to Island society. "We have been raised to value public service," he says. McMillan's father, a doctor, while tempted on several occasions, never entered public life. "He was certainly courted. He viewed it as an honourable profession, it was the main course at mealtime. I can't recall a time when I wasn't interested in the subject."

After receiving his Bachelor's degree in history at St. Dunstan's University in Charlottetown and his Master's degree in political studies at Queen's University in Kingston, McMillan got his political feet wet serving as a special assistant to then P.C. leader Robert Stanfield. "It was quite natural that I'd be a Tory. Both sides of my family have been Tories since Christ was a boy," he says. He worked as a senior research associate of the National Commission on Canadian Studies, as executive officer of the Ontario Human Rights Commission and as chairman of the Book and Periodical Development Council of Canada before being elected to the House of Commons in the general election of 1979.

Re-elected in 1980, McMillan served first as environment critic then Deputy House Leader for the opposition Conservatives. Re-elected again in the Tory victory of 1984, McMillan was appointed Canada's first full-time Minister of State (Tourism). In August of 1985, he was appointed Minister of the Environment.

Like McMillan, Joe Ghiz grew up in a charged, political environment. His father, a Lebanese immigrant, and his mother, a Nova Scotian, started a corner grocery store in Charlottetown in 1945, the year Ghiz was born. The family store was the setting for much of the future premier's early political education. "Our store was the local debating forum in the community. I got a sense from early on — I guess through osmosis — that the Liberal Party was more concerned about individuals and people than institutions and ideology," Ghiz says. He still remembers his first outward display of political affiliation. "When I was in grade seven, I started the Lester Pearson Bow-tie Club. I guess you could consider that my first overt political act."

COVER STORY



Ghiz: crusading son of an immigrant grocer

Ghiz attended Dalhousie University in Halifax, receiving his Bachelor of Commerce degree in 1966 and his Bachelor of Law in 1969. He set up his legal practice in Charlottetown and began working in the backrooms of the provincial Liberal Party, first as riding association secretary, then as president, then as central campaign committee worker. He went on to become a member of the National Executive of the Liberal Party of Canada and president of the Liberal party of Prince Edward Island.

Ghiz says none of this work was intended to lead to a career in politics, but in 1980 something happened to change his mind. "I got frustrated with the practice of law. You're living a rather closeted life and I felt I wanted a change." He took a year off and attended Harvard's School of Law, where the emphasis on the social policy behind the law effected a shift in his priorities and career goals. He began to think of the law, not in terms of problems. "My awareness was heightened. I made up my mind to seek a different career path. One with an opportunity to serve the community," he says.

When he returned to the Island with a Masters of Law degree in the summer of 1981, he found the Liberal leadership post vacant. He ran for, and won the leadership in October of that year. In the general election of 1982 he was elected MLA for Sixth Queens and became leader of the Opposition. In 1986 he led the Liberals to victory and was sworn in as premier on May 2.

Because of the Island's size, the people of P.E.I. are closer to their elected representatives than most Canadians. They shop at the same stores as the local MLA. They regularly run into the premier at the rink or community centre. The MP honks his horn and waves when he drives past. And this familiarity makes it difficult, at times, to think of Island

politicians as star players on the national political stage. But Ghiz and McMillan are stars, and Islanders are very proud of that.

In the 25 years since Jim MacNeill began publishing the weekly newspaper *The Eastern Graphic*, he says no one has come close to the national prominence levels reached by McMillan and Ghiz. "None of our federal cabinet ministers have had the national exposure that Tom McMillan has and none of our premiers has had the national recognition that Joe Ghiz has. They really are the two primary Island politicians in the last 25 years," MacNeill says. As an illustration, he points out that Ghiz is the first Island premier whose name can be mentioned nationally without being immediately followed by the obligatory "Premier of Prince Edward Island."

But why Ghiz and McMillan? Why have these men been able to take low-profile posts — nationally speaking — and elevate them to the front page of *The Globe and Mail*?

"It was an accident. When I became premier there were all kinds of things on the federal-provincial agenda. That doesn't normally happen," Ghiz says modestly, the "things" being the Meech Lake Accord and the Free Trade Agreement. If Ghiz is known nationally for anything, it's his outspoken opposition to free trade, a deal that he says "compromises the sovereignty of Canada." He charged into Calgary, the heart of western oil country, to speak out against the deal, and went toe to toe with Peckford in Rhode Island.

But even these incidents Ghiz downplays as "accidental." He had accepted the invitation to speak in Calgary, he says, before the free trade deal — and his opposition to it — started making headlines. He wasn't about to cancel the engagement and "for me to have



McMillan: impeccable Tory credentials

gone out there and talked about some other subject would have made me look ridiculous."

In Rhode Island it was Peckford, not Ghiz, who broke an agreement that free trade not be discussed. After hearing the Newfoundland premier ad lib a ringing endorsement of the deal in the middle of a resolution that had nothing to do with free trade, Ghiz, having agreed with the others not to take part in a public squabble, found himself facing a dilemma: should he take Peckford's bait or not? He decided to take the bait. "I had to say to myself, 'I can't let this go unpassed,'" he explains.

While dismissing much of his success as good fortune, Ghiz is not totally unaware of his own talents. "I'm aware of the fact that I'm not an introvert. I don't take the view that since I'm the premier of Canada's smallest province I should speak in the smallest voice," he says. But when it comes to judging his accomplishments, Ghiz leaves that job to others. "I practise the art of politics and I lead the government in the same manner I worked as a student, and that's to do the best I can. Having done the best job I can, I don't get all upset when I open the newspaper and somebody's taking a strip off me. I've done my best and I just let the chips fall where they may," the premier says.

Before Tom McMillan arrived on the scene, the environment portfolio was viewed as a minor cabinet post, a stepping stone for political climbers on the way up. For McMillan it has been a



McMillan and Ghiz: a national pre-eminence

plum — taking him to the United Nations where he addressed the General Assembly on behalf of Canada, earning him the Governor General's Conservation Award for his part in the creation of the South Moresby National Park Reserve and the U.S. Sierra Club's Edgar Wayburn Award for outstanding environmental work by a political leader. To top it all off, this spring McMillan was accorded the ultimate honour for a Canadian politician; he was asked to throw out the first ball at the Blue Jays home opener.

McMillan says he's been lucky. He claims his term as minister has happened to coincide with an increased public awareness of things environmental. "Increasingly, environmental questions are becoming political. A government practising good environment is practising good politics." Like Ghiz, he says it was mainly a matter of timing. "The truth is, for the most part I lucked into it. Although I hope I've done something to add momentum to what was already happening anyway," the minister says.

Just as Ghiz's national identity has been forged by his connection to a single issue, so is McMillan recognized across the country for his tough stance on acid rain. Across the country, but not on P.E.I. On the Island, when you think Tom McMillan, you think fixed link. McMillan took a lot of heat from Island environmentalists during the fixed link debate and plebiscite, with many charging that the minister, in leading the fight to build the crossing, had abandoned his post in favour of the vote-getting potential of a Maritime mega-project. He says anyone who felt he was practising policy duplicity missed the boat entirely.

"I think the biggest threat to the Island way of life, and even to the natural environment here, is poverty, people resorting to short-term payoffs just to put bread on the table. We've got some competitive disadvantages living on an island and we have to overcome those obstacles through extraordinary measures. The option is to become a ward of the rest of Canada," he says.

The hard edges of the McMillan-Ghiz stereotypes begin to soften the deeper one looks at their records of performance. On the fixed link, McMillan, the quiet environmentalist, was the project's loudest supporter, while Ghiz, the outspoken crusader, sat on the fence. According to Russo, the actions taken by Ghiz and McMillan during the plebiscite point up another interesting aspect of their differing styles. "McMillan is more polished, but in a curious way, at times he's less diplomatic than Joe Ghiz," he says. As an example, Russo recalls the debate over whether or not the Island should welcome Litton Industries, and the impression, left by McMillan, that he had called opponents of the plant "ignorant." On the other hand, Russo says, Ghiz has become an "amazing diplomat. Ghiz is the only minister responsible for the

status of women imaginable who could be in favour of Meech Lake, duck the abortion issue altogether and still be loved by feminists," he says.

MacNeill thinks McMillan may be making a conscious effort to harness his undiplomatic tendencies. He says that, since the plebiscite, the minister has softened his stand on the fixed link. "I think what's happened is that some of his remarks have come back to haunt him. McMillan realizes that there's a large pocket of opposition so he's steering clear," he says. For a year and a half, ever since finding out that both the premier and his wife Rose Ellen were taking French lessons, MacNeill has been saying that Ghiz was going after the Prime Ministership. Now he's saying the same about McMillan. "They are both ambitious, not in a destructive sense, but in a will to be the best. I think, underlying it all, is the hope of being Prime Minister."

If MacNeill is right, if Ottawa does figure in Ghiz's future plans, then the fight Islanders have long anticipated could become a reality; a one-on-one battle between Ghiz and McMillan for the riding of Hillsborough. Recently, talk of such a fight has been picking up. Two young pollsters are currently conducting a survey of 400 residents of the riding, asking them who they'd vote for should the champions decide to go head to head. The results of the poll should be announced later this summer.

Russo thinks a Ghiz-McMillan contest will be very difficult to call. "If Ghiz ever ran against McMillan I will have a very, very hard time making up my mind who to vote for," he says. When pressed, he gives a slight edge to Ghiz, "but I think Hillsborough would probably be crazy to vote McMillan out because I can't conceive of anybody working as hard as he does."

While acknowledging the obvious attractions of the contest, Ghiz rules it out as a possibility, at least for the next federal election. His next campaign, he says, will be fought as leader of the provincial Liberals. "It is not my intention to run federally, it is my intention to continue to represent the people of Prince Edward Island," he promises. When asked to look further down the road, his response is diplomatically open for interpretation. "What I'm going to do when I leave here, I don't know. I'm not going to foreclose my future political career, but at the same time, I'm not promising any future political career," he says.

McMillan says he's not preoccupied with the thought of squaring off with Ghiz but the idea of taking part in a history-making contest clearly excites the student of the past. "We're very different people — I suppose in many ways we couldn't be more different. I think it would be a classic contest, and I think anybody would be foolish to bet on the outcome."

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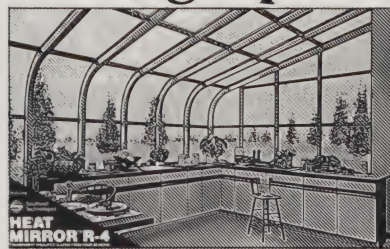
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From Siam to Halifax

by Silver Donald Cameron

It's nice to imagine her in a darkened doorway in Halifax's Granville Street mall, reviewing the scene with a faint air of amusement. She wears long, dignified skirts and a small jacket. Before her level gaze, punk rockers jostle pinstriped bankers, while the crowds swirl in and out of the taverns. But her eyes are fixed on the third-floor studios opposite, where the lights burn brightly as students paint and sculpt and make photos and videos late into the night.

On her lapel is a brooch made from a tiger claw, on her finger an uncut emerald ring. Behind her calm eyes are memories of Siam and a passion for Sanskrit poetry.

She loves these young people, with their paint-spattered Tyvek coveralls and their limitless ambitions and their passionate debates. She has always loved students and she has served the cause of education on three continents and in half a dozen countries. She is delighted, this silent watcher, at the name of the art gallery across the mall, though she is somewhat puzzled by the works which are shown there.

She did not exactly dream it like this, but she dreamed it first. And here it is, a century later, just two city blocks from its origins above her son-in-law's office in Victorian Halifax: the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, the art college she believed in, worked for, fought for.

And yes, that watcher fading back into the shadows, that was Anna Leonowens — educator, author, adventurer, suffragist and lecturer. Her world fame stems from *The King and I*, Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical version of her book *The English Governess at the Siamese Court* — but she lived in Halifax for two decades and she remains one of the most remarkable women in our history.

She was born (by her own account) in Caernarvon, Wales in 1834, the daughter of a British Army captain who died three months before her birth. (Official records say she was born in Bombay in 1831.) Either way, she and her sister were educated in England under the supervision of her father's family. At 14 or 15, the girls returned to India to rejoin their mother, now married to an official of the Bombay public works department.

Anna Leonowens, governess to the King of Siam's children, is remembered in Nova Scotia for another educational endeavour

Soon afterwards, Anna's mother arranged for her to accompany a family friend, Rev. Badger, on a trip to the Middle East and Egypt, where she began her lifelong studies of Arabic, Persian and Sanskrit, and of Buddhist thought. Back in Bombay, at the age of 17, she married an army officer, Lt. Thomas Leon Owens. Her stepfather objected violently and withdrew any financial assistance.



PHOTOS COURTESY OF NSCAD

A Victorian lady in an exotic Asian court

In 1852, she bore a daughter, who died in infancy. Anna's mother died that same year; these twin deaths affected her health and her doctor recommended a change of climate. She and Thomas sailed for England — only to have the vessel go on the rocks near the Cape of Good Hope. A rescue ship took them to Australia, where her second child was born the next year — but this child, too, died in a few hours.

During the next six years, she and Thomas lived in Australia, England, India and Malaya. Their daughter Avis was born in 1854 and their son Louis the following year. Both these children lived — but in 1858, when the family was in Singapore, Thomas Leon Owens died of sunstroke after a successful tiger hunt. For the rest of her life, Anne wore a brooch made from the claws of a tiger her husband shot that day.

She now found herself, at 24, an impoverished widow with two young children. Too proud to crawl to her stepfather, she started a school in Singapore. It was a financial disaster — officers of the day considered it a mark of breeding not to pay their bills, including school fees — but it attracted the attention of the Siamese consul, who had been commissioned by King Mongkut to find an English governess for the royal children. So Leonowens went to Siam in 1867, and thus into history and musical theatre — a proper Victorian lady with a sense of her civilizing mission, in an opulent, sensuous and exotic Asian court. She had a considerable impact on the court, as later events demonstrated. Among the lifelong friends she made there was Lady Son Klin, one of King Mongkut's wives, who gave her a ring with an uncut emerald which she wore ever afterwards.

At 33, however, she left Bangkok, exhausted. She returned to England, where her doctor recommended a visit to the United States. (Were Victorian doctors in the pay of the travel industry?) Placing her son Louis in a boarding school in Ireland, Anna emigrated to New York with her daughter. Within a few months, she was well enough to do what she did best: she opened a school on Staten Island and began to lecture — and to write.

Her first two books — *The English Governess at the Siamese Court* and *Romance of the Harem* — immediately made her reputation. Displeased with her portrayal of conditions in Siam, however,



FLASHBACK

the Siamese government refused to pay the legacy King Mongkut had willed her and it attempted to buy up the entire edition of her book to prevent it being read. But American readers were charmed, and she became a friend of Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Julia Ward Howe and, most important, Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, whose opposition to slavery echoed one of her own burning passions.

Meanwhile, her daughter Avis had grown up to be an attractive kindergarten teacher, who had drawn the attention of a young stockbroker named Thomas Fyshe. A determined, ambitious Scot who had come to find his fortune in America, Fyshe endeared himself to Leonowens — an affection which deepened over the years. In 1876 Fyshe was appointed cashier and manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia. The young couple married and moved to Halifax — and Leonowens moved with them.

In Halifax, she was a powerful force for cultural and educational development. She sponsored reading clubs, libraries and a Shakespeare Club. She was musical, and often attended concerts. She was not obsessively religious, but she did attend St. Matthew's Presbyterian Church on Barrington Street, where the minister was Rev. George Grant, later principal of Queen's University. Her political opinions were more liberal than imperial: she taught her grandchildren, for instance, that England had no right to control India, since India was quite capable of governing itself.

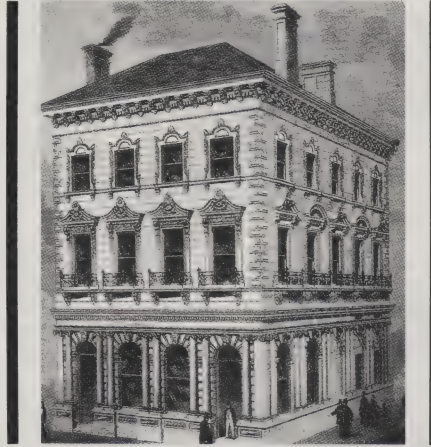
She was also a strong advocate of the rights of women. In August 1894, the Countess of Aberdeen, wife of the governor general, visited Halifax to try to organize a local Council of Women. Anna Leonowens attended, representing the Art Club and listened while Lady Aberdeen made her case. Then she stepped forward and told the crowd about the formation of the first Women's Council in India, 2,000 years earlier, and about the ways it enabled women to help one another and their children.

Meanwhile, she continued to write and to travel. In Halifax, she wrote her third book, *Life and Travel in India: Being Recollections of a Journey Before the Days of Railroads*. She also returned briefly to New York to help establish the Berkely School for Boys, and then travelled to Russia on an assignment from the *Youth's Companion* magazine to cover the assassination of Tsar Alexander II.

Visiting New York in 1884, she met the Siamese Ambassador to England, Prince Krita. A son of Lady Son Klin, he had been among her students in Bangkok, and he told her of the great changes introduced in Siam by another ex-student, King Chulalongkorn. "Mem," said the ambassador, "all he ever learned of good in his life, you taught

him." Years later, in London, the King himself confirmed that her teachings had prompted him to establish a national education system; to reorganize the legal system; and to abolish prostration, slavery and imprisonment of wives and children for their husbands' or fathers' debts.

Anna Leonowens' most durable achievement in Halifax occurred in 1867, when she conceived the idea of an art school as a suitable commemoration of



NSCAD's first home was in a bank building

Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee. She knew about the growing influence of art schools and museums in the United States and she was convinced that such a school in Halifax would not only enhance the fine arts and make them accessible to young Nova Scotians but would also:

afford technical education in the mechanical and industrial arts, and thus facilitate the production of articles of excellent and beautiful workmanship, and at the same time serve to give our artisans those advantages which they are now obliged to seek in foreign cities.

She became the moving force in an organizing committee of influential Haligonians. One of their most successful fundraising and publicity ventures was an Art Loan Exhibition held at Province House during Jubilee Week, in June 1887. Drawn together from a variety of Halifax collections, the displays featured many works of art and curiosities from around the world, reflecting Halifax's status as an outpost of the British Empire.

The Assembly Chamber at Province House, meanwhile, was transformed into a gallery, with oil paintings, watercolours, pencil sketches, lithographs and engravings by local artists as well as by such masters as Gainsborough and Carrivagio.

Throughout the Jubilee year, Anna Leonowens spoke, lectured, lobbied, raised money and generally drove the school into existence through sheer force of will. She persuaded the teachers of Halifax to endorse the project; she spoke

to groups throughout Nova Scotia and as far away as Charlottetown. By the fall, the organizing committee had raised \$10,000, and The Victorian School of Art opened on Oct. 31 that same year, in rented rooms above the Union Bank at Prince and Hollis. No doubt Leonowens arranged favourable terms with the bank: its manager was Thomas Fyshe.

Today, 101 years later, that school of art has become the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. NSCAD is largely responsible for the lusty growth of the jewelry and graphic design businesses in Halifax, and for the vitality of the downtown streets in which it has its present campus.

Its art gallery, appropriately, is named The Anna Leonowens Gallery.

In 1897, Thomas Fyshe became associate general manager of the Merchant's Bank of Canada, which later evolved into the Royal Bank of Canada. The position was in Montreal, and so — after 21 years — the family left Halifax. Anna Leonowens' departure moved *The Halifax Herald* to a tribute no less heartfelt for being somewhat convoluted. "Halifax cannot, without great loss, take a final farewell of Mrs. Leonowens," said the paper. "A woman of her talents, acquisitions, ripe experience gained by extensive travel, and the discharge of responsible duties in varied and widely different spheres, and public spirit, is prepared to exert a helpful and uplifting influence in any city."

Anna, however, was not going to Montreal — at least not yet. Her granddaughter and namesake, Anna Fyshe, had evolved into a concert pianist and the elder Anna, now well over 60, was eager to pursue her own studies in Sanskrit. (She is said to have read and translated verses from the *Rig Veda* daily into her 80th year, and to have deplored her children's indifference to Oriental poetry.) So the young woman and her grandmother departed for Leipzig to pursue their studies together, stopping in London for Anna's reunion with King Chulalongkorn.

After two years in Germany, Anna rejoined Avis' family in Montreal, where she lived for the last 15 years of her life. She outlived her daughter, and took over the management of the household after Avis died. She became a familiar figure in Montreal, and often held open houses for McGill University students; at the age of 75, in fact, she was still lecturing on Sanskrit at McGill. She died in 1914, and is buried in Mount Royal Cemetery.

As the remarkable art college which she founded moves into its second century, we might well honour her courage, her determination, her grace and her vision. Such qualities are rare and precious and, as Anna Leonowens' own life demonstrates, they create a long, long echo.

Applecross Counted Cross Stitch Kits...

A Mother-daughter team offers original designs

Counted cross stitch is the simplest form of needlework and currently one of the most popular in North America. The beautiful patterns shown in this advertisement are the original designs of Anne and Peg Fraser, a mother-daughter team who owns and manages Applecross Designs in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Frasers started the company two years ago after they were unable to find Canadian counted cross stitch patterns. Since that time, Peg has been designing and charting various quilt patterns, Maritime scenes, Canadian flowers and yule-tide designs for use in her counted cross stitch kits. Peg also looks to her mother Anne, who has 40 years experience with the craft, for ideas and expert advice.

Counted cross stitch kits are popular with both needlework experts and beginners. They also make unique, quality gifts for people of all ages.



1

The kits contain all the necessary materials including aida cloth, floss, needle, design chart and easy-to-follow instructions (frame not included).



2

3



4

5

6

Item Description	Qty	Colour (Circle)	Price	Subtotal
1. Greenwood Cottage (12 by 12 cm)		multicolour (as shown)	\$15.95	
2. Sweetbrier Rose (15 by 20 cm)		multicolour (as shown)	\$20.50	
3. Peggy's Cove (22 by 30)		multicolour (as shown)	\$29.50	
4. Tree of Paradise (25 by 25 cm)		blue, rose	\$26.95	
5. Variations on Eight Point Star (15 by 15 cm)		blue, green burgundy, red	\$15.95	
6. Tulips (28 by 28 cm)		blue, rose	\$26.95	
			TOTAL	
Nova Scotia residents add 10% sales tax				
Add \$1.00 for postage and handling per kit (___ x \$1)				
GRAND TOTAL				

To order, send cheque, money order, Visa or Mastercard number to: Atlantic Insight, 1668 Barrington Street, Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2

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(Sorry, no COD orders. Allow 4 weeks for delivery)

Introducing...

Bernard Meyer's East Coast Cuisine Regional Cooking with French Flair



Fish and Seafood

Casserole of Maritime Scallops

An unusual and simple dish created by the
julienne of vegetables.

- 20 oz. scallops - 567 g
- 4 chopped shallots
- 4 oz. white wine - 60 ml
- 2 cups fresh cream - 500 ml
- 4 tbsp. butter - 60 ml

Julienne of vegetables

- 1/4 cup carrots - 60 ml
- 1/4 cup leeks - 60 ml
- 1/4 cup celery - 60 ml
- 1/4 cup zucchini - 60 ml
- 1/4 cup spinach leaves - 60 ml
- 1/4 cup peeled tomato cubes - 60 ml

Simmer the scallops, shallots, white wine, 2 tbsp. of butter and julienne of vegetables. Let boil for 2 minutes and then remove the seafood and garden julienne. Let the stock reduce with the cream until the sauce thickens. Whisk in another 2 tbsp. of butter until it melts.

Season to taste and serve this sauce with your dish of Digby scallops. Serves 4.

a Cookbook with an Atlantic Flair

New this summer is the first in an exciting series of cookbooks by Atlantic Canada's most noted chefs.

Bernard Meyer's *East Coast Cuisine*, subtitled *Regional Cooking with a French Flair*, combines Meyer's French heritage with fresh regional produce to create all kinds of wonderful dishes.

In this cookbook, he presents more than 100 of his special recipes with clear and easy-to-follow instructions. Meyer has spent two years selecting recipes that are new and imaginative, yet simple and pleasing to prepare and serve.

Among Meyer's specialties included in the cookbook are fresh seafood — Grapefruit Salmon, Mussels with Cream Sauce and a Scallop Terrine with Saffron and Spinach. There are also award winning recipes — Pancakes with Chocolate and Nut Stuffing, Red Pepper Bisque and Fruit Douceur (a unique combination of ice cream and fresh fruit).

Introducing Bernard Meyer...

Bernard Meyer is a leading exponent of the light and fresh approach to classic French cuisine. As Chef de Cuisine at the Pines Resort Hotel in Digby, Nova Scotia, he has helped build the Pines' reputation as one of the finest dining establishments on the Atlantic coast.

Meyer has won the regional French Wizer Deluxe competition and the Silver medal at the Hotel Olympia in France. He is a member of the Academie Culinaire de France, Cordons Bleus de France and the Canadian Chefs de Cuisine.

Atlantic Insight is proud to be a part of this exciting new series of cookbooks written by

Atlantic Canada's most experienced, talented and flamboyant chefs.

Start your collection of this exciting new series of cookbooks now with Bernard Meyer's *East Coast Cuisine*.

Exciting Contest Offer

To celebrate the launching of Bernard Meyer's *East Coast Cuisine*, Formac Publishing is offering a gala dinner for two at the luxurious dining room of the Pines Resort Hotel in Digby, Nova Scotia. The lucky winners will enjoy a gourmet dinner any evening of their choice at this beautiful resort, where Bernard Meyer is the Chef de Cuisine. This contest is open to the general public. An entry form will be inserted into each copy of *East Coast Cuisine* or you may obtain a form by writing to Formac Publishing, 5359 Inglis Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3H 1J4. Deadline for entries is September 10, 1988.

☐ Please send me _____ copy(ies) of Bernard Meyer's *East Coast Cuisine* at \$12.95 each \$ _____
Shipping and handling \$ 2.00
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ _____

☐ Cheque/money order is enclosed
☐ Charge to my Visa/Mastercard
Visa/Mastercard Number _____
Expiry Date _____ Signature _____


☐ Please send me a contest entry form with my cookbook.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____
Postal Code _____ Telephone _____

**Mail to: Atlantic Insight, 1668 Barrington Street,
Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3J 2A2, (902) 421-1214**

(Sorry, no COD orders — allow 4-6 weeks for delivery)

Serve up your salad in style!



Crafted from selected native hardwoods in New Brunswick's Nashwaak River Valley, these salad servers make an excellent gift or a beautiful addition to your kitchen accessories.

The salad servers are handcrafted by Anthony Ratliffe of Durham Bridge, New Brunswick. Anthony is an expert craftsman and particularly attentive to fine details. Each set of salad servers is made from dried solid maple wood which has aged for several years. The servers are individually crafted through seven separate stages, creating a surface quality which brings out the beauty of the wood. The product is enhanced by the natural contrast of light and dark areas in the wood — a staining which is caused by minerals dissolved in the tree's sap. The bird's eye figure, which is often found in maple wood, is also a popular feature of these sets.

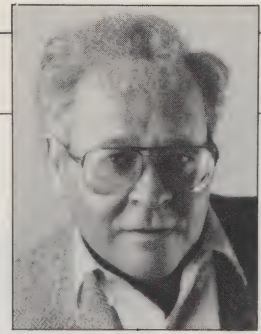
After each piece has been created, the final stage is the application of a natural oil finish and buff shine, which is non-toxic when set and tough enough to stand up to regular daily use.

Atlantic Insight is proud to offer sets of salad servers to our readers for the low price of \$22.95 (plus \$1.75 shipping and handling). But order early, only a limited quantity of these products is available.

☐ Here is my order for _____ set(s) of New Brunswick maple salad servers. Payment of \$22.95 (plus \$1.75 shipping and handling) per set is enclosed, or charge to my Visa/Mastercard number below. (N.S. residents add 10% sales tax). Please ship my order to the following:

Name _____ Address _____
Postal Code _____
Visa/Mastercard Number _____
Expiry Date _____ Signature _____
Telephone _____

Mail to: Atlantic Insight, 1668 Barrington Street, Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2
(Offer good only in Canada — allow 6-8 weeks shipping time.)



Money matters most in Toronto

The unfinished sports dome rises beside the CN Tower like the strange skeleton of a man-made moon. The skyscrapers are green, gold, pink, grey, rust, beige and black and from the Gardiner Expressway, where the traffic ceaselessly careers east and west, the Toronto skyline looks like the city of the future that I doodled on a grade school blotter more than 40 years ago.

None of these buildings existed in my boyhood. I grew up near St. Clair and Yonge, a couple of miles inland, and I used to climb to the top of a chestnut tree in a field on my street — try and find a field in central Toronto today — and look south toward the great lake, and the only downtown building I could see was the Bank of Commerce. Every kid in Toronto knew it was “the tallest building in the British Commonwealth.”

Now, however, from the cloud-shrouded heights of the nearby bank towers, it looks like an ornament on a window sill. Even the head office of the Bank of Nova Scotia, opened a mere 37 years ago on the northeast corner of Bay and King, has begun to seem quaint. Pasted to its east wall and shooting far above its roof, a new Scotia tower asserts itself among the skyscraper bullies of greedy old Hog Town.

I was 16 when the Bank of Nova Scotia proudly opened the older and shorter building. It was Canada's most lavishly appointed banking temple — a fat, 25-storey hulk that boasted what the bank called “construction and appointments that are supremely right.” Its exterior was “polished Bedford limestone, dignified, beautiful and resistant to the strains of weather.” Various kinds of marble and “the finest woods” gleamed in the interior. Canada's biggest mural sculpture, “carved of solid Hauteville marble” over a 14-month period, dominated the north wall of the banking room and heroic figures from Mediterranean mythology embellished doorways and window frames.

The bank bragged that the building was twice as high as Niagara Falls, with one and half times the space of the Roman Coliseum. In a time before conservation was fashionable, bank flacks were pleased to declare that, on a normal day, the new headquarters burned enough electricity to light “50,000 ordinary light bulbs,” and its air-conditioning system produced “enough ice every day to make 16 standard-sized skating rinks.” Not only were the vaults “protected by a room

walled in two-inch bullet-proof glass,” they were also “designed to be atomic-blast proof.” All in all, the Bank of Nova Scotia saw its new head office as the ultimate in efficiency, security, beauty and justifiable ostentation. Now, however, the edifice is just another one of the lower and more routine buildings in the financial heartland of Canada.

But at least it's still standing. I worked in *The Globe and Mail* building at King and York Streets between 1959 and 1961, and in *The Toronto Star* building, just along King, between 1968 and 1970. Both were good, solid structures but, like the chestnut tree and the field, they were soon obliterated in the name of profit. If Toronto, in 1951, was a city in which people worried about their money being safe during a nuclear attack, it is now a city in which money determines the look of the streets, the behaviour of the people, the schemes of the ambitious and the dreams of the young.

Bumper stickers hail Monday morning as a blessing

Money matters more in Toronto than it does in other parts of Canada. That's why the Brownstone Hotel double-crossed me and my wife. Three weeks before driving 1,300 miles to Toronto, she made a reservation for us for three nights at the Brownstone. The hotel confirmed that, since I was member of the Writer's Union of Canada, we'd get the reduced rate of a mere \$50 a night. When we got there, however, the Brownstone refused us our room. It had overbooked its accommodations and we were among the rejects. Every hotel in greater Toronto was full, and for the sake of the difference between the \$50-rate and the full rate that the Brownstone could easily charge someone else, it welshed on us. No hotel anywhere in the world had ever done this to me before; but Toronto-haters insist that breaking your word for an extra buck is typical Hog Town behaviour. So far as the Brownstone cared, we could suck eggs or sleep in our Toyota. Welcome

home, Bruces.

Toronto likes to think of itself as a nicer, cleaner, safer version of New York, and in one respect it is indeed becoming more and more like the Big Apple: in Toronto, too, it may soon be impossible to be happy without also being rich. Take the little matter of housing. The house my parents bought during the Second World War for \$8,250 would now cost \$400,000. Five years ago, my mother bought a brick bungalow with five tiny rooms for \$107,000; an appraiser has just told her it's worth \$269,000. I know a 26-year-old woman who pays \$275 a month — plus hundreds more a year for her share of the heating bill — for the privilege of living with four other young people in a rat-ridden, ramshackle dump in which the floors slope like the decks of a sinking ship. If I knew anything about rents in Toronto, she says, I'd know just how lucky she was to have any kind of room at all in the heart of the city.

When a New Jersey man got a job in Toronto in 1980, he reluctantly paid \$220,000 for a house, and he had a tough time keeping up his mortgage payments. Late this spring, he went back home. To sell his Toronto house, he put an ad in a newspaper and a sign on his lawn. He asked for \$890,000, and within three days, accepted \$910,000. He was ecstatic. Now, in Princeton, N.J., he could buy a palace.

The zany Toronto housing market, however, is not so kind to young parents who'd like to live in their own homes. I know a 27-year-old father of two small girls who's clearing \$45,000 a year as a newspaper reporter in Toronto. His wife pulls in another \$16,000 by working as a nanny. On weekends, she also does housecleaning at the dwelling of two chaps, a banker and a doctor, who recently spent an adorable Saturday blowing \$20,000 on lawn furniture. My young friends hope, that by the mid-1990s, they'll have scraped together enough money to put a down payment on a house of their own. By then, their six-year-old girl will be a teenager. Meanwhile, they'll continue to rent houses and, at the moment, the average rent Toronto houses fetch ranges between \$1,500 and \$1,700.

Don't let anyone tell you Torontonians don't work hard. They work their butts off so they can afford to live there. But their critics argue that they don't really work in order to live well. Instead, they live in order to work hard. They lack the spirit of play. They have bumper stickers that say, “Thank God it's Monday.” ☒



Michel (left) and John Legault look over a text produced on their desktop equipment

Pioneering a self-serve desktop-publishing concept

For customers who want to publish their own newsletters or even a book of poems, Micro-Options offers desktop facilities

As the computer hums in the background, the "mouse" scurries along the desk moving the cursor back and forth on the screen. Options are quickly selected columns, type face, size of paper. Then the text "pours" onto the screen, neatly arranged in magazine format. Graphics are "dropped in" and the completed page is printed and ready to be sent out for copying. This is desktop publishing — DTP.

Two New Brunswick entrepreneurs who hope to cash in on this fascinating technology are brothers Michel and John Legault. Michel, 44, and John, 36, are co-owners of Micro-Options Inc. of Moncton. Created in October 1986, it's billed as being "Atlantic Canada's first public desktop studio." Incorporating what the Legaults describe as "self-serve," "practical service" and "full service," this is a complete DTP centre offering consultation on everything from the initial concept to the final text and graphics. Brochures, posters, stationery and books are some of the many items

that have been produced using the equipment at Micro-Options.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features is the "self-serve" option. For \$15 per hour, individuals can rent time on the computers to work on their own projects and produce them on the laser printer for \$1 per page. Courses are offered for those who want to learn how the system works. A three-hour \$75 course teaches the basics of the operation of the Macintosh computer and a nine-hour \$250 course covers the functions of the "Pagemaker" desktop publishing program.

"We sort of grew into it," says Michel. His father wanted his children to be involved with computers and before retiring, Mr. Legault received payment for a contract in computers. "He was paid with four Apple II's."

Michel had been employed, through the department of employment and immigration, as the manager of the Canada Employment Centre's office at l'Université de Moncton. With the cutbacks in the civil service after the 1984 election of the Progressive Conservative government, he

found himself back in the main office. "It was almost like the Dark Ages," he says. "Any new ideas that you had were being put aside."

After reading an article in the magazine *Your Money* about a woman in Calgary who started up her own business with DTP, John decided, "This is it. This is the wave of what's coming." Impressed with a design studio in Hartford, Conn. that used DTP, the Legaults decided to open their own business. "I liked it," says Michel. "I liked what they were doing and I thought we can do as well, if not better."

With assistance from their father René, the Legaults purchased several Macintosh computers and a LaserWriter printer. They worked initially from their own homes, later opening an office in a small shopping plaza. With the additions of a Linotronic L100, a laser image setter with a resolution of 1,279 dots per inch, the Legaults had full typesetting capability.

Micro-Options Inc. was accomplished without government money, Michel says. "We were rejected every place we applied." John says it was because "we were too new. They didn't know how to classify us." Raising the initial \$250,000 investment meant putting up most of their own property as collateral. "Mike's house is up for grabs if we go under," says John. "And my house is up for grabs too."

Still, there is an underlying irony. "The government will put millions of dollars into waterslides that will create employment for three months. And the rest of the year, they're on unemployment insurance. We're creating employment full-time, year round."

Even though DTP offers substantial savings over conventional typesetting, there's a great deal of resistance to the new technology in the local market. Both brothers cite tradition as one of the main stumbling blocks. After opening, Michel says the reaction of one Moncton printer was, "Ah, you're using this desktop publishing garbage." However, others are embracing it as the way of the future. "There are special effects the computer will do that the graphic artist will never be able to accomplish," says John.

One customer who is sold on the idea is Allan Cooper, New Brunswick poet and publisher of Owl's Head Press. Specializing in short runs of Maritime poetry books, Cooper found that with his latest edition, *After the Image* by Nova Scotia poet Jonathan Wright, he could cut typesetting costs by 90 per cent by using the laser-printer at Micro-Options.

For the future, the Legaults envision Micro-Options becoming a "one-stop shop" complete with a printing facility, and that within three to five years they will be able to franchise their concept. In the meantime, they agree, "It's tight." ☒



Worthy of the place of honour

The question of native rights in Canada is slowly coming to the boil.

Although some progress has been made recently, it's been little and late — centuries late — and some native leaders are warning that the younger generation is running out of patience and may get violent. It's an issue which could put us to the test as a society, as much as the French-English turmoil of the '60s and '70s. Perhaps more so.

There's not likely to be much action in that regard in the Atlantic Provinces, since the bulk of native people are farther west and north. But there's hardly a better place to begin contemplating the subject since it's here that the native people were the first to meet the white man, and here that they fared worst. The fact that there are relatively few native people in Atlantic Canada is exactly the point. The Beothuks of Newfoundland are extinct. And within a century or so of the first contact, the population of the Mic Macs of the Maritimes had declined by a staggering 90 per cent, a state from which they never recovered.

What happened to the Indians on these gentle shores was nothing short of a holocaust. Racism, disease, loss of land and consequent starvation all did their grim work. There was a spasm of conscience about this in the mid to late 19th century as people like Silas Rand in P.E.I., Moses Perley in New Brunswick and Joseph Howe in Nova Scotia won some public sympathy for the destitute natives and effected small legal and other improvements.

But the basic forces continued to work, particularly the loss of land — sometimes through out and out theft even as defined by the white man's law, a fact which the courts have established only recently in some cases — and the racism. There has been some progress in material support given native people in this era of human rights and the welfare state, but the suicide rate, unemployment and so forth on the reserves indicates the great distance yet to be travelled.

The "solutions" to the "Indian problem" over the past hundred years or so, whenever the matter was given any thought in ruling circles, was to encourage native people to integrate into white society, an approach built on the assumption that only by participating in the superior values of the dominant culture would the native person ever amount to anything, although even then

it would not likely be much.

That mentality has changed over the past couple of decades. There has been bilingualism and multiculturalism, and a general sensitization to minorities. The country has, admittedly, spent considerable amounts of money to alleviate the problems of native peoples, a constitutional conference has been held on native rights and there has been, over the past decade, much work in the federal parties and the government bureaucracy to come up with plans to advance the matter.

But still there remains a large hump to surmount. We still resist dealing with the native peoples as persons with full rights and dignity. The notion of ceding

*In the cycle of
human events,
just causes
tend to come
around again*

to native people a measure of self-government troubles us, even though native band councils have less power than any municipal government. We fear the complexities involved, it's true, but deep down we're also asking the slanderous question: how can a bunch of Indians run their own affairs? (A much-recurring question in the Imperial heart. How can a bunch of Egyptians run the Suez Canal? How could a bunch of French-Canadians run Hydro-Quebec?) We resist particularly on the matter of land claims. We hear the cost of such claims. We fear being called upon to pay what we owe.


And we hold back because in our paternalism we are offended by the separatism implicit in the native people's rejections of our ways, by their refusal to be proud to be Canadians — as English Canada was offended by the separatism of Quebec. Why aren't they more grateful for that welfare money we give them? What do they want, anyhow? (Remember the pressing question: "What does Quebec want?") Why don't they pick themselves up by their own bootstraps — North American style free enterprise is a law of nature, after all, isn't it? Why

don't they give up their peculiar habits and get jobs.

There is, too, something deeper. The world view inherent in the native condition is that human beings should live in harmony with nature and not in hostility to it. It's a philosophy that's very much present in the native tradition, and one occasionally hears it expressed in a powerful manner. When I was working in Quebec in the early '70s, the question of Indian rights came up in a particularly sharp way. At issue was the huge James Bay hydroelectric project and the enormous territory it would flood. A Cree, shocked by what he saw as the endless rapacity of the white man, told a fellow reporter: "My father taught me that when you kill a moose, the first thing you must do is stop and pray that another one will grow in its place."

Here was, I thought, a touching image, one which evoked the uneven forces at play: an Indian praying, against the juggernaut of industrial society.

A great many non-natives would sympathize with the Cree, and recognize the wisdom of his tradition. Faced with acid rain, the depletion of ozone, and other mounting environmental ills, I would say that a majority of us would. The problem is that we do so hypocritically, since that pollution occurs in support of our standard of living, which we are not prepared to question.

In the cycle of human events, just causes and their enabling moral structures have a tendency to come around again. In the case of the native people that cycle has been long but it's back. In the large sense, the first step towards settling the "Indian problem" is that we ourselves, the dominant society, must accept that the native peoples, in their profound tradition, have something of great value to teach us — something urgent, in fact. The second step is that we ourselves must change to accommodate native aspirations. Settling land claims and setting up self-governing councils are only the particulars, not the gist of the answer. As English Canada changed to accommodate French-Canadian aspirations, as the country is always changing to accommodate minority ethnic groups — essentially by learning the value of their contributions — the same must now occur with those until now denied a place at the communal feast, but worthy of the place of honour: the original inhabitants. 

The unparalleled pleasure of blueberries

Blueberries go hand in hand with summer in Atlantic Canada, whether you're picking in the sun or eating homemade pie

by Judith Comfort

There are two kinds of blueberry pickers: methodical types who sit cross-legged in a decent blue spot and pivot until the area is picked clean and those who hop from spot to spot, always looking for the patch that is bluer on the other side. Both methods yield good results — a basketful of berries and a few relaxing moments in the sun and summer breeze. But any way you look at it, it takes an hour to pick the four cups required to make a real blueberry pie.

Real blueberry pie is not to be confused with pie made from commercial filling in which lonesome berries are suspended in a sea of cornstarch blue glue. In a real pie, the berries rub up against each other and when you cut through the buttery crust, the filling pours out onto your plate. The ultimate proof of having eaten the real thing is the telltale blue tinge on your tongue hours later.

It is a challenge to get enough wild blueberries to keep a family in pies, muffins, pancakes and grunt. Finding a good blueberry patch is the first challenge — people are as secretive about their favourite picking spots as dogs are about their buried bones.

While many consumers would be happy to buy fresh wild blueberries in the supermarket, this is surprisingly difficult for anyone living outside the major blueberry producing areas such as Nova Scotia's Cumberland County and New Brunswick's Charlotte and Gloucester Counties. That's because most of the crop is frozen and processed. In Nova Scotia, only three per cent of last year's crop was sold fresh.

It has not always been this way. Before the Second World War most blueberries for sale in the market were fresh, hand-picked berries. As far back as the 1880s, a thriving industry exported about one million pounds of fresh berries by ship to the United States every year. They were billed as Nova Scotia Blues and got top dollar in Boston. These blueberries came from the barrens in the back of Yarmouth County. Whole families would set out at the beginning of the season in springless carts, drawn by oxen, with their chickens and a load of potatoes and salt cod to tide

them over for the six-week season. On the ride back, the paths through the rough boulder-strewn terrain were marked with a trail of blue. At the Yarmouth wharf in the early 1900s it was not uncommon to see 25 to 40 canvas-covered wagons heavily laden with blueberry crates.

In those days handpicked Maritime blueberries fetched a higher price than berries raked in the state of Maine. A team of Canadian inspectors from the department of agriculture scrupulously checked the berries for leaves, underripe pink berries and the most reassuring sign of perfection — the silver bloom.

In the Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture and Marketing's publication *The History of the Lowbush Blueberry Industry in Nova Scotia 1880-1950*, Gordon Kinsman explains the changeover from the fresh to the frozen blueberry market. As anyone who has spent hours out on the barrens knows, picking berries is a labour-intensive process. With increased economic prosperity came a shortage of manual labourers and gradual mechanization of the industry was inevitable. Frozen berries also became popular, he says, because they're easier to transport — handling is not as delicate a procedure.

The problem for today's consumer is that prime blueberries, as perfect as the wild ones we pick ourselves, are produced only with extremely careful handling. First-quality blueberries — the ones with the silver bloom that our ancestors enjoyed — can be had today but we have to be willing to pay the premium price. We must encourage our growers to develop a fresh berry market. If not, those of us without access to a patch of wild blueberries may not experience the unparalleled pleasure of frosty blues floating in a bowl of cream.

Blueberry Coffee Cake

1/2 cup vegetable shortening
1 1/2 cups white sugar
2 eggs
1 cup milk
3 cups white flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt

3 cups fresh blueberries (or frozen, not defrosted)

1 cup brown sugar

1/4 cup white flour

2 tsp. cinnamon

1/4 cup butter

1 cup chopped walnuts or pecans

In a large bowl, cream together shortening and sugar. Beat in eggs and milk. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Beat flour mixture into the milk mixture until evenly moistened. Fold in the blueberries. Pour into a buttered 9 by 13 inch pan.

In a small bowl, combine the sugar, flour and cinnamon. Rub butter into this mixture and stir in nuts. Crumble topping over cake. Bake at 375°F for 35 to 45 minutes or until a straw comes out clean. (From Judith Comfort's *Spuds! Dulse! Fiddleheads! A Cook's Guide to Maritime Foods*)

Blueberry Mousse

The following two recipes were developed and submitted by food writer Emily Walker.

1 envelope gelatin

2 1/4 cups blueberries

1/2 cup sugar

1/4 cup freshly squeezed lemon juice

1 cup whipping cream

whites of 2 large eggs

Sprinkle gelatin over 1/4 cup cold water. Let soften for 15 minutes. Combine blueberries, sugar and lemon juice in a large saucepan. Bring to a boil over moderate heat. Reduce heat and simmer for five minutes. Transfer mixture to food processor or blender. Purée until smooth. Stir in gelatin mixture and cool. Whip cream until stiff. Do the same with the egg whites. Fold cream with whites and then with blueberry mixture until thoroughly incorporated. Spoon into individual serving dishes. Chill for 4 hours.

Blueberry Lemon Bread

1/2 cup butter, softened

1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed

2 eggs, beaten

1/2 tsp. lemon extract

1/2 tsp. lemon rind, finely grated

1 1/2 cups blueberries

2 cups flour

2 tsp. baking powder

3/4 cup milk

Beat butter and sugar until fluffy. Add eggs and beat for 2 minutes. Stir in lemon extract and rind. Toss the blueberries in 1 tbsp. flour, set aside. Sift the remaining flour and baking powder into a large bowl. Stir in egg mixture alternately with milk. When batter is smooth, gently fold in blueberries. Spoon into 1 large or 2 small well-buttered pans. Bake in a preheated oven (325°F for small pans, 350°F for large pan) for 50 to 60 minutes. Turn out immediately.





Les P'tits Acadiens makes clothes with kids in mind

When Colette Arsenault couldn't find good, affordable clothes for her children, she formed a co-op and began making her own

Five days a week inside a small commercial centre in Urbainville, P.E.I., five women are busy measuring, cutting and sewing. Bolts of fabric and trimming line the walls and three industrial sewing machines hiss and whirl. Compared to the big clothing factories in Montreal, this is a modest operation. But in many ways it's a success story.

La Co-operative Les P'tits Acadiens

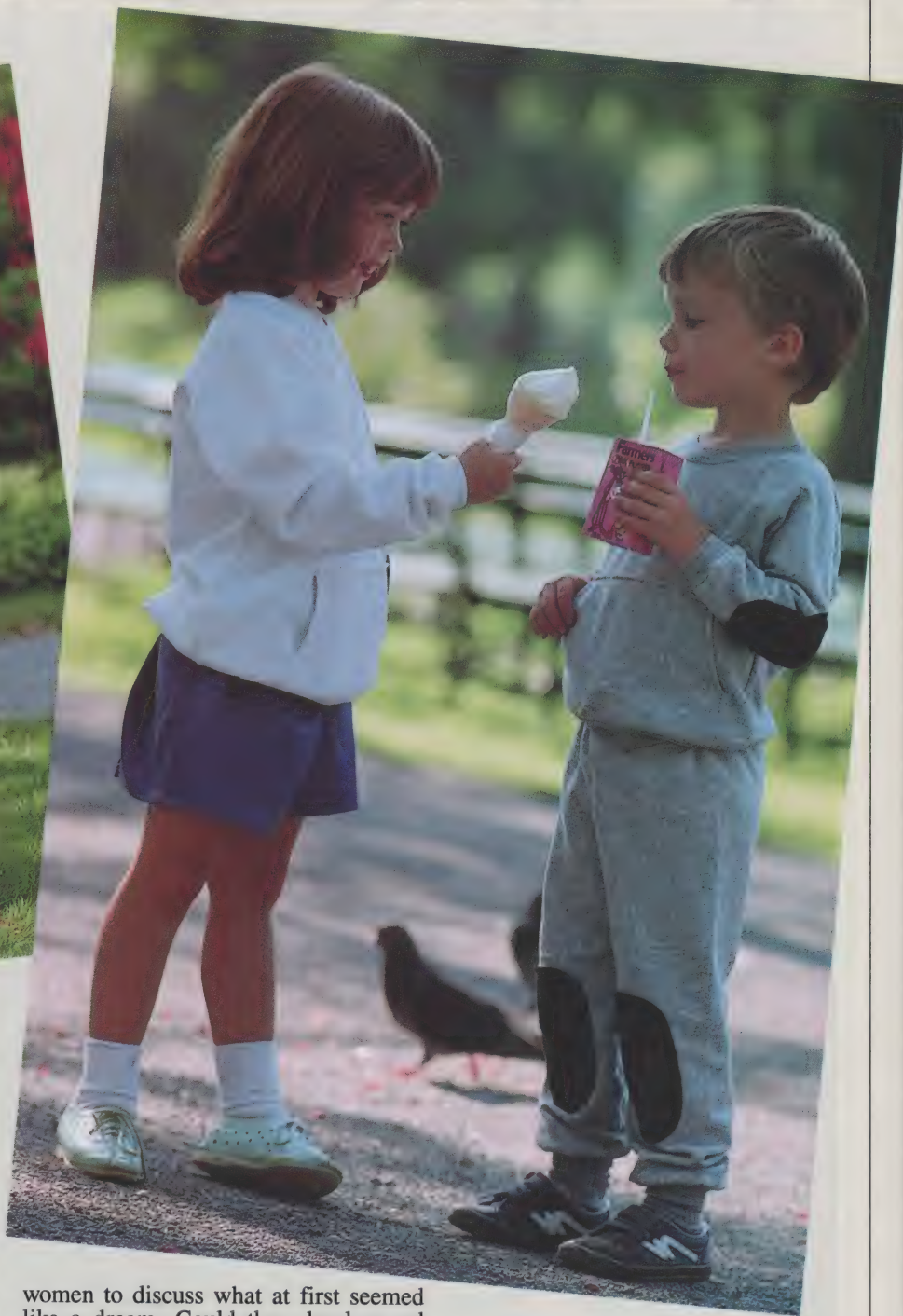


As well as the current line of colourful, durable play clothes (right), the co-op is offering "Anne of the Island" dresses with pinafores and ruffles

is a company founded by five Acadian women to design, manufacture and market a line of children's clothing throughout the Maritimes. Its founders are Colette Arsenault, Carmella Richard, Diane Richard, Annette Richard and Anne Gallant, who in 1986 each invested \$1,000 and formed a workers' co-operative.

Colette Arsenault, who is now the manager, says it all began one night when she came home from shopping empty-handed. She hadn't been able to find good, affordable clothes for her kids because, she says, most children's clothes on the market are expensive and poorly made. "They fall apart after a few washes. For the price you pay, the quality isn't there."

Arsenault believed she could do better and soon was meeting with local



women to discuss what at first seemed like a dream. Could they develop and market their own line of children's clothing? And could they make a business of it? Their first step was to secure government funding — \$15,000 for equipment from the provincial industry department, three years of rent subsidies from the P.E.I. Development Agency and one year of subsidized wages through a federal job development program.

From the start, affordable quality has been the philosophy of Les P'tits Acadiens. Good fabrics are chosen and each garment is sewn with care. The women allow half-an-inch at the seams and, instead of the usual three-thread serging, seams are sewn and then finished or

serged on a five-thread machine. The clothes are designed to be comfortable and practical. Sizes to 3X feature extra room for diapers and trousers have reinforced knees. Colourful jumpers, pants and sweatsuits — the company's biggest seller — give kids room to move and play without worrying about rips and tears. And sweatshirts are extra long so they don't ride up in the back.

The clothes are available at several stores on the Island and at a dozen co-op stores throughout Atlantic Canada. They range in price from \$6 to \$45.

Arsenault admits there were produc-

tion problems during the first year. "It was taking us too long to produce the clothes so we weren't making any money," she says. But last fall the workers were trained in industrial sewing techniques. Production doubled and this year they expect to sell more than 3,000 articles with a profit of \$15,000 to \$20,000. The company is also taking a few large orders for adult uniforms and sweatshirts which they will work on during their "down time" between seasons, allowing them to operate year-round.

It is appropriate that this is happening in the rural Evangeline region of P.E.I., where co-operatives have been both popular and successful. There is a farmers' co-op, a credit union and a potato chip manufacturing co-op. The philosophy appeals to Island Acadians and, for Arsenault and her co-workers, it was the obvious approach. "We never even thought about doing it any other way," she says. "We were each investing and we each wanted a say."

In a workers' co-op, all profits are shared and all decisions are made by the group. Arsenault's reasoning is that if two heads are better than one, five heads are better still. The women put in extra effort and work a bit harder, knowing that some of their own money is at stake, she says. "The hardest part is that we all have kids and sometimes we have to work long hours or take work home with us. It's not always easy."

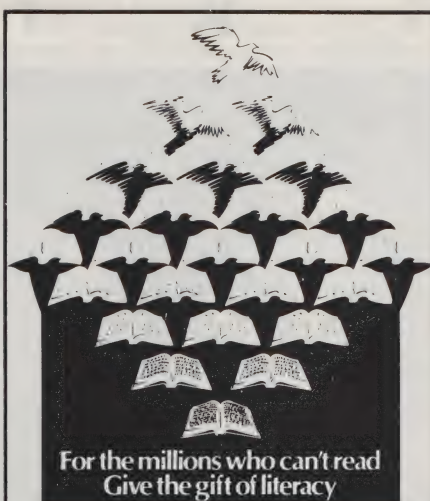
On the wall at the factory is a button that reads, "If you have it in you to dream, you have it in you to succeed." The women have taken the message to heart. The business was a dream for them but hard work has made it a reality. Now they dream about future expansion.

Next spring Les P'tits Acadiens will introduce a new clothing line called "Anne of the Island." Arsenault is predicting a warm reception for these nostalgic clothes which will feature puffed sleeves, ruffles and pinafores. "We feel it is going to be very popular. People have been asking us for this kind of thing."

The new line could be just what the co-op needs. "We hope that one of these times some of our designs will hit it really big and business will take off," she says. Currently she is seeking more stores to market the clothes, especially in larger centres like Moncton, Saint John and Halifax.

"We feel we still have a long way to go," Arsenault says. "There's a lot we have to learn about management and marketing but we're trying to tackle one thing at a time. This year we'll be happy just to make a profit."

As a small player in a highly competitive business, Les P'tits Acadiens is holding its own. In less than two years the company has found a place in the Atlantic marketplace. The future of the co-operative may well be limited only by the imaginations of five Acadian women, who are daring to dream. ☐



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A L I S O N ' S



PHOTOS BY GARRY HILL PHOTOGRAPHY

Boudreau's designs for Wear Well customers range from O.R. greens to miners' coveralls

Adding flare to uniforms

For the thousands of Atlantic Canadians who wear uniforms, the Wear Well line keeps them in fashion in a practical way

by Jennifer Henderson
When 28-year-old Denise Boudreau goes grocery shopping, she is eyeballing more than the weekly specials. She's checking to see how the store's cashiers, carry-out staff and department managers look in their uniforms — the working clothes for working people she designs for Wear Well Garments Limited in Stellarton, N.S.

"It bothers me," she says, "if I design an outfit for a store and go in and see the employees wearing one part of the uniform without the other."

Boudreau's chagrin is partly the result of her self-confessed "perfectionist's nature" as well as three years of fashion design training at St. Lawrence College in Kingston, Ont. That *haute couture* background makes the Nova Scotia native a tough quality control inspector when it comes to rejecting the slightest pucker or off-centre seam at the Wear Well factory. Her attention to detail in designing usually means she has already spent hours visiting the store — making sure the clothing complements the business' colour scheme — as well as talking to employees about the features they love and hate in the clothes they wear to work.

"The challenge," she says, "is not being able to design something flashy but to design something that works, that has comfortable sleeves, washes easily and

looks clean and professional. When you design a garment that sells, you know you have achieved your goal."

One of Wear Well's greatest hits is a versatile, neatly-tailored garment that can be worn as either a lab coat or shirt-dress. The drop-shoulder sleeve gives nurses, X-ray and lab technicians lots of arm room. At the same time, the stitching detail provided by the sturdy "jean seams" gives the clothing a dress-like quality.

Customizing the uniforms to meet the customer's needs has become Wear Well's trademark — and it has earned the Pictou County firm a growing share of the region's institutional and industrial clothing market. Wear Well uniforms can be found in every hospital and most nursing homes in Atlantic Canada; the company manufactures everything from patient gowns and O.R. (operating room) greens to lab coats and nurses' whites. Inmates at provincial jails and county correctional centres have Wear Well shirts. The firm also manufactures aprons and protective clothing for students and instructors at regional vocational schools.

Some of Atlantic Canada's biggest corporations are also Wear Well customers. Thousands of workers at fish plants owned by National Sea Products, Fishery Products International and Clearwater Fine Foods wear smocks, lab

coats and bandannas produced in Stellarton. Then there are the retailing giants like Sobeys Stores, Lawton's Drugs and Loblaws. Telephone companies and power utilities order coveralls in the thousands.

Wear Well owner and president Fraser MacLean says he knew nothing about the garment trade when he bought the company from Stellarton businessman Richard "Dunc" Chisholm 10 years ago. Chisholm started the uniform business with three women working out of a church hall in 1960, after a fire destroyed his mattress manufacturing business. In Pictou County, "wear well clothes" are ones that last and Chisholm borrowed the old expression to launch his line.

Fraser MacLean made his money in the soft drink business before selling MacLean Beverages Ltd. When Chisholm opted for early retirement, MacLean saw a market opportunity for his family.

"Despite certain disadvantages of geography," observes MacLean in reference to the fact that Wear Well is thousands of miles from the mainstream of the garment industry and its Dominion Textiles supplier in Quebec, "we believe we can successfully service a certain segment of the market by working with those customers to come up with a design that suits their needs. Larger firms based outside the area might not want the bother, unless it was a very large order, and tend to offer Atlantic firms a certain number of pre-packaged styles."

The middle-man between the customer and factory floor at Wear Well is MacLean's 29-year-old son Stirling, vice president and sales manager. He went "on the road" for Wear Well immediately after high school graduation and credits cost-conscious purchasing agents for



Stitching and accessories add style

continuing his education. Today, a large part of his job is keeping abreast of changes in fabrics and fire-retardant materials so he can guide his customers in making good choices before ordering their uniforms.

"We generally have to tell them what they should have," says Stirling. "Even the big accounts — you would be surprised how many restaurant owners want to put polyester aprons on people who work directly over grills."

Stirling's work with Devco's safety committee resulted in the bright orange, highly visible coveralls miners wear underground in the Cape Breton coal mines. Denise Boudreau added big inside pockets upon request from the miners. Linemen who work for Maritime Telegraph and Telephone also had special needs. They wanted coveralls that would keep the static electricity from their own bodies to a minimum. After consultation with the company, Wear Well came up with a safety-conscious coverall that is 100 per cent cotton, makes use of a plastic rather than a metal zipper and substitutes velcro strips for snaps.

Fraser MacLean has used his contacts in the Atlantic business community to help expand Wear Well's industrial clothing division at a time when the rag trade has become increasingly competitive and success is measured in high volumes and needle-thin profit margins. Despite new competition from more than a dozen manufacturers who fled Quebec for northern New Brunswick — as well as a small operation called Unitex just a few miles outside Stellarton — Wear Well has remained in the black at each year's end.

MacLean claims he can't afford to lose money — money that he borrowed from the banks when Industrial Estates Limited, a former provincial government development agency that brought Michelin and Clairtone to Pictou County, refused him start-up assistance.

Wear Well is a "no frills" operation. One rack of "overrun" uniforms in the crowded quarters of the accounting office represents the sole attempt at retailing. Satisfied customers keep coming to the plant anyway, so much so that the MacLeans seriously considered opening a factory outlet in downtown Halifax before rejecting the idea as requiring too much of an investment in packaging and fashion merchandising.

Instead, Fraser and Stirling MacLean keep the overhead low — sharing an office in a cramped, concrete-grey building that was originally built for a clothing mill in 1958. Most of the mill's original and seriously outdated machinery is still in place — a technological limitation that hampers not only creativity (Boudreau says she can't do gathers or kick-pleats) but productivity, too. The 16 operators who work the sewing machines during day and night shifts have to stop sewing while they pick up their scissors to clip


threads from their garment.

With already cut-throat competition expected to produce some casualties under free trade, figuring out how to increase productivity without sacrificing Wear Well's "homemade" quality is Fraser MacLean's number one headache. Plant engineer Loretta Reynolds, a former sewer with 10 years experience, is training machine operators so they can "work smarter." But dramatic improvements in productivity (about 300 garments come off the line daily) won't really be noticed until a three-year, \$672,000 modernization is completed in 1990. Although the Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency is contributing \$201,000, MacLean says the company's decision to invest in efficient,

computerized sewing machines is a "do or die" kind of gamble.

"We decided to give it a shot... we hadn't any choice," admits MacLean earnestly. "We must protect ourselves from new competition under free trade, as well as take advantage of additional market opportunities. If we don't, we're dead."

Wear Well doesn't intend to roll over without a fight. With 1,000 customers signed up in Atlantic Canada, the MacLeans are actively looking to expand their horizons and customize uniforms for medium-sized firms in New England and Central Canada.

It's a modest idea that has so far worn well. 



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M.L. FASHIONS

At M.L. Fashions, the client ends up with an outfit perfectly tailored to her figure

An unlikely fashion company

Rita MacNeil is just one customer of the Glace Bay company that is designing clothes for larger-than-average women

The town of Glace Bay, N.S. is an unlikely location for a fashion company. *Haute couture* designs usually have their beginnings in Paris, Milan or Miami. But M.L. Fashions is an unlikely fashion company and the owners like Glace Bay just fine.

The company is the brainchild of Mary Lynn Hull, a former nurse and Glace Bay native. Hull had just resigned from a job when her husband noticed an advertisement in the local newspaper for the Glace Bay YMCA Enterprise Centre, which had been set up to train entrepreneurs and encourage local business. She applied for admission and was told she was applicant number 33 for 24 available positions. "I thought I was sunk but a few days later I got the call and they wanted me."

The course taught Hull how to start and maintain a small business. It also helped her decide to open a fashion studio

and to give it a certain twist — her studio would design clothes for the larger-than-average woman.

Before starting, Hull felt she needed one more thing — a partner. The first person she thought of was her cousin, Linda Barrett, who thought the offer over for a few days and then accepted. She now manages the production facilities, while Hull handles the administrative tasks.

The two women opened the company in October, 1987. They began by doing custom work for individual customers and friends and then gradually developed their first line. The slow start was necessary, Hull explains, because "there's no one else around who does what we do. When we started, we were completely in the dark. We had no one we could call and ask questions." Barrett says the first days were made up of seemingly endless hours of assembling equipment and finding suppliers.

Last spring, M.L. Fashions received

a boost when Rita MacNeil wore one of their dresses to the Juno Awards. Barrett says MacNeil helped put an end to the familiar question, "but do you really make the clothes out there?"

Rita MacNeil is the type of woman for whom M.L. wants to design. The company is attempting to create clothes for larger women with fashion sense and an interest in the style of "normal" clothes. Because Hull is large, she knows the problems associated with clothing for women of her size. "If you aren't in the ideal size range, most stores in Cape Breton or for that matter, anywhere, will have very few choices to offer you."

Hull says she handles the problems associated with large women in a number of ways. Most important and also most time-consuming and expensive is the custom sewing work. The client visits the facility in Glace Bay and is measured for her clothes. The seamstresses take more measurements than usual — upper arms and thighs are also measured to ensure that the clothes will be comfortable and stylish. If a pattern doesn't have the measurements necessary to fit the client, the seamstresses calculate them. The client ends up with an outfit that is perfectly tailored to her figure.

There are also mass-produced garments which are made to fit the majority of women with what Barrett and Hull call "exceptional figures." The spring line was made up of 30 pieces and ranged in price from about \$45 to \$120.

M.L. Fashions has no staff designer. Hull and Barrett do the designing themselves. However, once the design makes it off the sketch pad, it's community property. At that point, the seamstresses and owners throw ideas around, changing the direction of a collar tip or adding an appliqué. Sometimes, Barrett says, even mistakes turn out well. "I remember one dress we were working on...when the seamstress sewed the collar on, she sewed it so that one side was in the opposite direction from the plans. But it looked good, so we kept it."

The atmosphere in the factory is relaxed and friendly and the workers joke and laugh freely. But to an outsider, it's not a relaxing place. The equipment used to mass produce fashions is not run-of-the-mill sewing machines; they run more than three times faster and the buttonhole maker could be a prop in a horror movie.

The owners are proud of their workers and themselves. They've seen their business grow from the first days of making clothes on tables borrowed from the local fire station, to a professional operation. Their offices are filled with clothes recently returned from a show in the United States and their employees are busy sewing the fall line.

Between Rita MacNeil and M.L. Fashions, Cape Breton may change the rest of the world's idea that thin is in. ☑



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Doucet has a talent for creating clothing and accessories from "robust material"

Moncton designer creating bold fashions for all ages

For New Brunswick's Marthe Doucet, it's been a long way from diaper hats to the Atlantic Fashion Designer Awards finals

Marthe Doucet started fashion designing with the first thing she ever wore — a diaper. "My mother always said I've been designing since I was born because I was designing things with my diapers," the Moncton fashion designer says with a laugh. "I used to take them off and make hats out of them, so I guess it's always been in my blood."

It's a long way from diaper hats to hand-painted cottons and bold leathers but the quiet 34-year-old is starting to make a name for her "L'Oasis Designs" label. She won first prize in both the

clothing and accessory categories at a regional fashion design competition in Moncton last spring. And now she's one of eight finalists for this fall's Atlantic Designer Fashion Awards to be held as part of the Atlantic Fashion Festival Oct. 1 and 2 in Halifax.

Doucet, who had stints in both modelling and fashion design in Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto before returning to Moncton four years ago, has drawn on her upbringing in a close-knit family of eight children in Campbellton, N.B. and her experiences in the fashion fast lane to create a diversified yet distinctive line of clothing.

Doucet's diapering exploits were followed by fashion shows at age five featuring primitive clothes made out of pillow cases and sheets, before the sewing turned serious at age 14. Her formal schooling in fashion is firmly rooted in Quebec, where she studied fine arts and later fashion design at la Centre de Soins a la Personnes, a Montreal school which lists well-known Canadian designer Michel Robichaud among its graduates. After operating a workshop and clothes boutique in Montreal, Doucet returned to Moncton to be married. Following a two-year hiatus from designing after the birth of her first child, she is just now re-establishing her career and has been "seriously" designing clothes for the past year.

Balancing her own designing, the family business and motherhood has prevented Doucet from selling her clothes on a wide scale. Without sufficient time and staff, she says, selling fashions to chain or special stores is out of the question. However, she does display samples of the clothes she designs for children, men and women at the health and beauty salon which she and her husband run. She also participates in the occasional fashion show and sells at craft fairs.

Doucet says she enjoys working with robust materials, such as leather, cotton and velvet, rather than with silks and chiffon. Depending on the material and complexity of the design, something formal for a night on the town may cost a woman between \$300 and \$500 per outfit; a pair of men's dress pants ranges from \$100 to \$125 for cotton or flannels and up to \$500 for leather, while hand-painted cotton children's overalls are \$46 a pair. The hand-painted overalls and a line of painted sweaters are distinctive Doucet creations. Using paints especially designed for



Doucet's son in purple leather coveralls

fabric materials, she takes "brushes, sponges...whatever I need or can get my hands on" to create designs. One of her submissions to the Atlantic Designer Fashion Awards was a pair of children's painted purple leather coveralls.

Her line of accessories, including leather earrings and belts, also makes a personal statement and is growing in popularity in Moncton and at several hair salons in the Halifax-Dartmouth area.

The talent for creativity, evident in Doucet's clothing and accessories, was vital in her early years in the competitive Montreal fashion market, she says. The big city experience also gave her confidence. "In Montreal there's lots of exposure (in the media) for young designers. They really support you."

In the Atlantic region, fashion gets relatively little press and consequently people aren't aware of trends and are slow to accept something they haven't seen before, Doucet argues. "Before, people took designers and seamstresses all the same and they went to see you and expected to get something cheaper than what they could buy in the stores." That's impossible, she says, because it can take two to three days just to develop a pattern from scratch.

After little more than a year of designing full time, Doucet thinks a change is starting to take place in the region. Some people are beginning to feel confident enough about fashion to know what they like and don't like — whether it has a familiar designer label on the collar or not. "Some people, mind you not

everyone, seem more self-assured now. They know what they like."

If the trend continues, Doucet feels Atlantic Canada may produce a home-grown designing star without help from the major markets. A young designer still has to establish herself outside the region before the home crowd will take her seriously, she says. While she was designing and operating her boutique in Montreal, her work would usually sell well when she came back to Atlantic Canada because most people assumed a designer from Montreal had to be better than one from the region.

Although she may be blossoming into one of the region's hottest designers,

Doucet doesn't brag about her accomplishments. She prefers the quiet solitude of the designing loft above her husband's downtown Moncton business. "I like being in the background," she confesses. There she can pursue her own love of designing and still do the bookkeeping and carry out other responsibilities at the salon. In fact, when Doucet is asked about her career goal, she says she has a common goal with her husband Marc — to turn L'Oasis Marc Benoit into the finest one-stop health, beauty and clothing centre in the region. A successful solo career in fashion designing is important, she admits, but it won't take place at her family's expense. ☒

Fashion finalists

Marthe Doucet is one of eight finalists for the 1988 Atlantic Designer Awards of Halifax's Atlantic Festival of Fashion. This year's competition is open only to designers who have been designing for four years or less. The designers' work will be judged and showcased on Sunday, Oct. 2 at the World Trade and Convention Centre. The other seven finalists are:

- * Haesook Kim of Fredericton, N.B. for glittering evening gowns and sophisticated women's daywear
- * Karolyn Eggler of St. John's, Nfld. for "sporty, feminine" lingerie
- * Fred Connors of Halifax, N.S. for androgynous, oversized "alternative fashions"
- * Hung Quang Le of Yarmouth, N.S. for sporty three-quarter and full-length coats which he describes as distinctive and timeless
- * Catherine Toth of Halifax, N.S. for her new line of children's clothing called "Gumbolls"
- * Normand Bernard of Miscouche, P.E.I. for woolen daysuits and eveningwear
- * Maxine Delaney of Wheatley River, P.E.I. for coats and suits in suede, animal and sea leather and wool.

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Included in Tuckamore's expanding sportswear lines are brightly coloured, custom-designed cycling outfits created for comfort and durability

Newfoundland sportswear stands up to the elements

Joy Harmon brought dermoflex to Newfoundland to create a line of weatherproof jackets that's selling across Canada

by Lana Hickey

There's a familiar saying in Newfoundland that "if you don't like the weather, wait a few minutes and it will change." You never know what to wear when heading out into the elements because even if it's snowing, it could be raining by the time you get home.

Breathable, water resistant and windproof clothing which stands up to the weather is popular in other parts of Canada but was slow to reach Canada's most easterly province. Newfoundlanders don't have to buy national brands. They can now buy such clothing from a local producer who is making a line of sportswear that falls into a craft designation and is tax free.

Tuckamore is a clothing manufacturing and retailing business in downtown St. John's that specializes in functional and well-made outdoor and active wear. Joy Harmon, its founder, is originally from St. Catharines, Ont. but came to

St. John's in 1982 to work as a mechanical engineer at the Centre for Cold Ocean Engineering. She hadn't planned to give up her career as an engineer to become a clothing designer but when her job took her to Calgary, she made an important discovery.

"I had come across this fabric called dermoflex, the Canadian equivalent of Gore-Tex," says Harmon. "It's waterproof, breathable and windproof. I made up some jackets for myself and my boyfriend and thought 'what great fabric this is.' We moved back to St. John's after a year and knew this is what St. John's needs."

Harmon started Tuckamore in the summer of 1986 as a part-time venture and, by November, it was full time. She now has a staff of three and intends to publish a mail-order catalogue for her five styles of dermoflex jackets. Even the name she chose suits her product line. Tuckamore is a Newfoundland term for trees that are bent and blown over by the

wind. "Because I started the business with making outdoor clothing, I wanted a name that was a Newfoundland term that represented something outdoorsy."

"I claim and stand by the fact that I have functional clothing," says Harmon, who makes custom jackets and pants on special orders. "I am an outdoorsy person and know what people want in clothing that is functional and that keeps them dry and warm."

It's not surprising that the demand is greater than Harmon can supply. Not only is Tuckamore the only company making dermoflex clothing in Newfoundland but Harmon is also the only one in the company to design and sew the dermoflex. Great care goes into working with the high-tech fabric, which she brings in from the manufacturer in Montreal. No pins are used and the seams all have been sealed against the elements.

The dermoflex jackets and pants are not Harmon's only outdoor line. Her company also designs and manufactures pullovers and jackets in Arctic Fleece, another Canadian fabric that is breathable and water repellent. And the lines don't end there. After making triathlon shorts for herself because she couldn't buy what she wanted, she made jerseys and pants for five cycling teams. That led to a rapidly growing line of aerobic wear and to downhill racing suits and dance outfits, all made out of breathable Lycras and

poly-cottons.

Most of the increased demand has come from word-of-mouth and exhibitions in two St. John's crafts shows and one in Halifax. "I find word-of-mouth is incredible," Harmon says. "My name is really spreading."

Her biggest plunge has been to move from the security of her basement to a larger manufacturing and retail operation. A couple of months ago, the company moved to downtown St. John's. "Now I am more visible to the public and it can only help business."

She hired three employees under a career development grant and, as a Newfoundland crafts person, she qualifies for assistance from the craft division of the department of Rural Agriculture and Northern Development (RAND). The department has also taken her outdoor lines to gift and sport shows across Canada, leading Tuckamore to wholesale outlets in Ontario, Saskatchewan and Nova Scotia, in addition to her Newfoundland market in sports stores and fitness clubs.

The response to her lines was so positive that RAND is paying 90 per cent of the cost for Harmon to travel to the Toronto gift show this fall, where she



Harmon and Simon Jackson in her jackets

hopes to wholesale the two outdoor lines and the aerobic wear.

Although expansion means more overhead and added expenses, Harmon is confident it will increase sales. She intends to marry the manufacturing and retail components in her new location so that people will become more educated and aware of these high-tech fabrics. For the next year, Harmon will concentrate on guiding Tuckamore through the transition from being a word-of-mouth enterprise to a full-fledged retail operation. And with the quality product she has to sell, the timing seems right for success.



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What do you do with a political science degree — study law, journalism, work for the government or sell french fries? For 25-year-old **Kirby Mercer** the last option is proving to be quite lucrative.

The university graduate opened a restaurant called **Ottawa Fries** in St. John's last year and, within weeks, business people were asking him to franchise. "Everyone thinks we're part of a national chain; we're always getting calls," Kirby explains.

Ottawa Fries, as its name suggests, operates on a political theme. The menu lists Liberal and Conservative portions of french fries and customers have four styles to choose from: political whips which are spirals, political rounds, shoe string budgets or Ottawa fries. All the chips are cooked in peanut oil, which Mercer claims is half the secret behind the great taste.

Customers can choose between junior or senior cabinet burgers, and the newest addition — Senate burgers. The canopy



Kirby Mercer: legislatively correct fries



Ralph Boutilier: the dean of Nova Scotia folk art carvers with one of his friends

over the storefront displays the firm's logo, the Parliamentary Peace Tower. If the early polls are accurate the idea may be spreading to other constituencies soon. Ottawa Fries was the second highest grossing restaurant in the Village Shopping Centre's food court just months after it opened and now Mercer is planning to open more stores in Atlantic Canada.

Mercer worked with partner and fellow political scientist **Karen MacDonald**, to design the products, floor plan and staff training. MacDonald wears an apron that tells the story. "For this I spent four years in college."

Mercer says he isn't planning on putting any partisan burgers on the menu and he won't be offering customers his political opinions — just good food.

— *Margot Bruce*

When Mahone Bay art dealer Chris Huntington discovered a carving of a bluejay in **Ralph Boutilier's** basement workshop, he says "I knew I had my hands on something special." Boutilier remembers telling Huntington he could have the bluejay. "He said he'd give me a hundred bucks for it. I was surprised, I thought it was bunch of junk."

Since that day in 1975, 82-year-old Boutilier has been acknowledged as the dean of Nova Scotia folk art carvers. Today Boutilier is famous across North America for his original life-size carvings of people and whirligigs of birds.

Boutilier's art reflects the culture of his growing up and growing old in Milton, N.S. His works are spontaneous and realistic. True to form for a folk artist, Boutilier is self-taught and carves subjects from his environment, finishing his pieces with bold colours. But Boutilier hasn't always been an artist: he was a mechanic, a machinist, a cook and barber until he "retired" in 1965 to become an artist.

In the mid-70s, one of his life-size carvings of fishermen appeared on the back cover of the Nova Scotia telephone book. His wooden figures, including a self-portrait, sell for as much as \$5,000.

Houston North Gallery in Lunenburg now handles the business side of Boutilier's work. Co-owner Alma Houston says people in the gallery often speak to Ralph's carvings before they realize the wooden people can't talk back. Even dogs and cats have been tricked, bristling at the sight of his life-size German Shepherd.

Boutilier says his time is running out, so whenever possible he whittles away at another bird. The demand is so great that, no matter what he's charging, he turns away many unhappy collectors. "I don't do it for money," he says, although he enjoys the recognition and reputation which his work has brought him among other folk artists. "No one can beat me," he says proudly.

— *Sara Fraser*

Last May **Pauline Eisner** of Lower Sackville, N.S. was both nervous and excited as she waited at the Halifax International Airport. A dream she'd had for 40 years was about to come true. For the first time, she was going to meet a friend with whom she'd been corresponding since 1948.

The friendship started when Pauline was a teenager and had a job grading apples for the Grafton Fruit Company in South Berwick, N.S. One day she wrote her name and address on a round cardboard-like disk called a pulp head that was placed inside a barrel of apples on its way to Sussex, England.

The barrel of apples was broken before reaching its destination. A young boy walking near the railway tracks in Sussex found the pulp head with Pauline's name and address and brought it home to his sister, **Angelina (Angie) Gray**.



Eisner, left, and Gray: face to face after 40 years of a corresponding friendship

Angie wrote a letter to Pauline which was the beginning of a long friendship. "It was so exciting to get a letter from someone so far away," recalls Pauline, now 57 years old.

The two women have exchanged hundreds of letters and photographs over the years despite the distractions of getting married and becoming mothers and grandmothers. Even the fact that Angie moved to Perth, Australia did not hamper their relationship.

In May the dream came true when Angie came to Canada from Australia for a six-week visit. "I can't believe it," Pauline said hugging her penpal. "It's like a dream." Much of Angie's visit was spent at the Eisner's new home in Berwick. They toured Nova Scotia and Angie even went to the Grafton Fruit Company.

— Alice Walsh



O'Brien: more stories than Ann Landers

Letters from readers keep 86-year-old Bristol native **Walter O'Brien** at the keyboard of his portable typewriter from where he writes a column for *The Eastern*

Graphic, a weekly paper in Prince Edward Island.

With thousands of columns to his credit, the Charlottetown resident has been writing stories each week for 57 years. He has also written regularly for *The Guardian-Patriot*. O'Brien writes about anything that interests him, whether it's his earlier days in Bristol, a friend who is ill or a family taking a summer vacation on the Island. "Somebody once told me I had more stories to tell than Ann Landers," he says. "But you have to be careful what you write. You don't want to hurt anybody's feelings."

One story about a bull that ended up in the Charlottetown Harbour when the bridge was inadvertently opened for a passing ship brings a wide smile to O'Brien's face. "It's true," he insists, "I was talking to a man who lived nearby and he saw the whole thing."

O'Brien's writing career is a carry-over from his father, John O'Brien, who used to write a column for *The Patriot*. His own circle of readers goes far beyond the Island and he loves to keep in touch with them personally as well. One correspondent is a man living in Medford, Massachusetts, who's made 77 trips to the Island since 1923. Another is Wayne Miller, who broadcasts the Indianapolis 500 race.

Picking up story ideas hasn't been a problem — O'Brien worked at Holman's department store in Charlottetown for 44 years, was a travelling salesman and was also employed on the Borden Ferry.

Retirement keeps creeping into his mind but, "I just finish saying I'm not going to write anymore and somebody requests an old story from one of my columns." He has decided to take it one week at a time and, as he says at the conclusion of every column, "with that in mind, we wander on into the sunset of another day." — Heather Moore

Last winter New Brunswick's renowned sculptor, **Claude Roussel** of Dieppe was invited to submit a sculpture for the International Sculpture Garden at the 1988 Olympics in Seoul, Korea. The invitation came from Thomas Messer, director of the prestigious Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York, who is also the president of the committee of the Olympiad of Art.

In late April, Roussel received word from Messer that the work he had offered was to be part of an impressive collection of work by 100 artists from 80 countries.

The work submitted by Roussel is titled "Dyna Bolts" or "Enerloize" in French. The zigzag shapes represent lightning in reverse. "The bolts go from earth to heaven," Roussel explains. "Such energy is an appropriate theme for the Olympics because of the movement and dynamism expressed by its spirit."

Messer explained to Roussel in a letter that the project was conceived "in the international spirit of the Seoul Olympics and is intended to endow Seoul with a permanent sculpture park to commemorate the 1988 Olympics."

Roussel says it was pure luck that he had the finished sculpture in his studio. He had stopped producing large works because of cutbacks in government funding and a lack of encouragement from art galleries and patrons. Instead he's been producing smaller pieces.

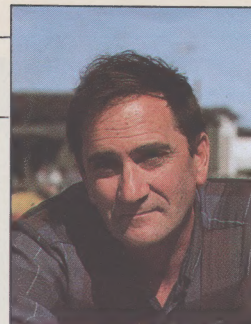


Roussel: Olympiad sculpture in Seoul

Educated at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Montreal, Roussel has served as the founding director of the Visual Arts department at the University of Moncton and its art gallery. He was also an assistant director of the Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton. Among his many awards is the Order of Canada which he received in 1985.

He is happy to have been selected to exhibit at Seoul, where he says, "I have received more interest than I and many other Eastern Canadian artists received from the Calgary Olympics."

— Vera Ayling



Getting the hang of women

I have no patience with male whippersnappers in their 20s and 30s who hang around dark, fetid barrooms whimpering that they're yesterday's men being plowed under by today's women. They spoil dark, fetid barrooms for the rest of us.

After all, they had at least half a chance. They were young enough to see female ferment building on the horizon. They had time, had they not squandered it, to take steps and get the jump on today's woman.

It's we chaps in our 40s and 50s who never had the prospects of a basket of kittens in the path of a steamroller. For us it was like the Mongol hordes inventing the stirrup all over again. We were unhorsed, unmanned and consigned to the trash heap of history — before we even noticed that Remington was now into lady's shavers.

Five, perhaps six years ago, it dawned on me that, for fellows of my age and generation, the jig was up.

My personal Waterloo occurred in the shopping malls. It was a hellish experience. Women started coming at me from all angles, jostling me, body-checking me, physically abusing me... and it wasn't just the "Old Spice."

You'd spot them afar off but bearing down fast in the drygoods aisles like dreadnoughts in full battle order. Their heads high, their elbows cocked, their stride downright Brownshirtish. They cut wide swaths flattening short, fat baldies like ragweed before a gang mower.

Small comfort, it was, to learn that these shopping mall shock troops had been taking lessons in something called "assertiveness training."

At my age I was no longer nimble enough to avoid a bruised spleen or a fractured fibula abreast of the \$1.99 Super Savings bins. Once too often I stumbled backward for self-preservation into some racks of polyester negligees. I was battered senseless by a vanguard of assertivists lurking in the pastel underbrush.

Women, in the abstract, hold few terrors for me. We columnizers have to be keen amateurs in many fields. Women, in the metaphysical and wearing black woolen stockings, have long been one of my hobby-horses together with horticulture, rearing cats and learning to spell "Musquodoboit."

Meech Lake or something has given Canadian women entrenched rights to avenue 20,000 years of wrong — but I

wish they'd give me Saturday afternoons off and direct some of their uppercuts to John Calvin, St. Augustine of Hippo and Jake Epp.

Too late, too late, now, for us to cultivate the tender-tough image of a Merlin Olsen, the elfin hulk who peddles ghastly flower "arrangements" on TV... to boldly state, in keeping with the times, that you don't have to be a pansy to grow one. For us, "No flowers by request; send memorial donations to the S.P.C.A."

Back in my day (comes the feeble apologia from the rubbish tip of history) there were no college courses in "Getting the Hang of Women and Possibly Living to Collect your Pension," Lifestyles 201, Half a Credit.

You had to pick up what you could by a sort of osmosis. That was frail armour against the debacle to come. On the other hand, though, growing up as a lad of the '50s in rural Newfoundland did leave one with a sword and buckler of sorts, however tiny.

The advantage is that rural Newfoundland is, or used to be, a matriarchy. The Newfoundland woman was born with her dukes up and a Ph.D. in assertiveness. Be forewarned, though, that illiteracy is still a problem — so think twice before you call a Newfoundland woman a matriarch to her face.

Newfoundland is still one of the few places where bits of the language and the Treaty of Adam and Eve are frozen in time. The Treaty is still pretty much untrammelled although in the late 1700s a notorious "Tit for Tat" amendment came perilously close to passage. The Governor, ringleader of the attempted coup, suffered hamstringing under the penknife of the Rev. Mrs. Parsifal Coombs' sister — with the aid of other leading ladies of the colony — and was shipped off, FOB and in disgrace, to Moncton.

Similarly, the *Dictionary of Newfoundland English* offers few clues to getting the hang of women except for entries like "a squall off the land" and "a good kick in the ar*e." (By and by, until a copy of that inestimable volume is placed in each and every Atlantic household, the Newfoundland writer addressing the Atlantic market seems doomed to circle forever the ringroad of Footnote City in a blizzard of asterisks! "Ar*e," for instance, is genteel usage; "a*s" is Mainlandish, hence vulgar; "glutes," as in *gluteus maximus*, smacks

of the B.C. lumber camp.) A "squall off the land" refers to Newfoundland womanhood rampant and rearing. It is a sudden, savage and short tantrum of the female sort. You batten the hatches, reef the mainsail, go below and fiddle with your scrimshaw until tranquil airs return.

"A kick in the ar*e," is a much more weighty reaction, the very mention of which is foolhardy in present times with "assertiveness training" at a fever pitch. But what have I got to lose? We unreformable male chauvinist pigs are dead ducks, anyway.

There were many abominable breaches, no mistake, but under the Treaty of Adam and Eve as it prevailed in the outposts, for a man to strike a woman was a far more heinous thing than telling lies to no aesthetic purpose, throwing live kittens on the fire or supporting Union with Canada. It was regarded as the ultimate in bestiality, a horrendous anti-social act, something only those Protestants or (depending on the Christian bent of the particular community) Roman Catholics would stoop to.

Whence, then, this "kick in the ar*e" apparently allowed husbands, but, with impunity, no more than twice or three times between the moment of solemnization and the hour of parting death?

I don't explain 'em, I just report 'em. And even in dark and fetid barrooms the consensus is that chaps today who attempt to live by Section 33, Subsection B, of this old Code of the East will easily fetch ten years hard...depending on how the judge did in her assertiveness training exams.

There's no longer a defence, written or otherwise, for chaps who think they can get away with twice-in-a-lifetime kicks in the asterisk. There's a new defence, though, against the charge of murder but only if you are of the long-suffering female sex. Cowering in the pastel underbrush of the drygoods aisles, I am emboldened only enough to quote a Canadian Press item from a Victoria, B.C. courthouse in which "the court was told that 90 per cent of women suffer some symptoms of pre menstrual syndrome...(which)...include anger, anxiety, tension, depression, irritability, hostility, fear and violence."

Hit me again, barkeep. Did that Merlin Olsen fella drop off a little package for me? That blonde bimbo in the throes of PMS is edging my way and I need a tasteless arrangement with which to defend myself. ☒



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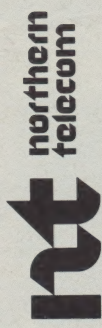
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